National Anti-Slavery Standard.

SYDNEY HOWARD GAY, EDITOR.

Without Concealment---Without Compromise.

EDMUND QUINCY, JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL, COR. EDITORS.

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Selections.

ANTI-SLAVERY CONVENTION.

THE Convention of the members and friends of the Pennsylvania Anti-Slavery Society, appointed to be held in connection with the Fair, met in Sansom St. Hall on Wednesday morning, Dec. 17th, a respectable assembly of Abolitionists being present.

E. M. Davis was chosen President, and C. M. Burleigh and Clinton Gillingham, Secretaries.

The exercises of the Convention were opened by hopeful remarks from E. M. Davis, who saw in the Signs of the Times most inspiring evidences of the spread of truth and the progress of our cause. He said: He accepted as an honour the station assigned him, not because it was profitable to his general reputation or his purse, but because it was a mark of confidence from that class of his countrymen who in these stirring times are truest to the doctrine of human rights and universal freedom.

He was glad we had met again to reassert our rights, to renew our pledges to the down-trodden, and to reaffirm our doctrines. We have much to encourage us, as much as we ought to desire; and although our army numbers but few individuals, we should not therefore hang down our heads in despair. Depend upon it our opinions are modifying the actions of the whole people of this land. It is better to be few and in the right, than to be many and in the wrong. Although it is natural to wish to see the fruits of our labour conspicuous to our senses, we need not, we should not, be troubled that they are not more numerous. Our business is to be obedient to our highest convictions of right and duty. One shall then be able to chase a thousand, and two put ten thousand to flight.

On being *right* he rested his hopes of success. Do not say I take for granted the very question at issue, whether we are right or not, for we have proven, time and again, our position to be the right one. Does any one deny the sinfulness of Slavery, the right of the slave to freedom, or that while we, as a nation, are sustaining Slavery, holding as chattels over three millions of human beings, we cannot be a republic in *fact?* These positions are acknowledged by the sincere and thoughtful of our land, and the only question is, how shall the evil be remedied. Our remedy is "immediate emancipation," and until a better is presented we must hold to this. We say "immediate," because we know it is unsafe to *do wrong*, even for an *instant*. There is no personal danger to be apprehended from immediate emancipation, for if the three and a half millions are submissive under tyranny and oppression, it cannot be possible they would be dangerous when treated with kindness and with due regard to their rights. *There is no danger* in doing justly, nor is there loss, for emancipation would not destroy a single limb or a single muscle.

If it be true, as I believe, that the labour of one freeman stimulated by payment is equal to the labour of three slaves, then emancipation would add to our nation's wealth the production of over a million of labourers. It would also create a demand for the consumption of a million more labourers, because, although the free man may not eat more, or as much of the necessary articles of food, he wears more and consumes more in the multiplicity of conveniences that surround his home, but which the slave does not consume or enjoy. Emancipation would enrich our nation, particularly the southern portion. It is Slavery that prevents her millions of unoccupied acres from being tilled. I am going into the subject farther than I intended, and therefore will close my remarks here.

On motion of Lucretia Mott, it was voted, that all persons, whether friendly or opposed to the Anti-Slavery cause, be invited to participate in the discussions of the Convention.

Oliver Johnson offered the following resolutions:

Resolved, That at no former period in the history of our cause has our confidence in the immutable principles upon which it rests, or our faith in its ultimate success, been greater than at the present moment; and that, acknowledging our gratitude to the God of Justice and Truth for permitting us to be co-workers with Him in redeeming our fellow men from the darkness and degradation of Slavery, and for cheering us with so many tokens that our labour has not been in vain, we here avow our sincere and solemn determination, undismayed by the frowns of sect and party, the denunciations of the pulpit, the unrighteous enactments of Legislative bodies and the vituperation of Courts, and whatever perils it may be our lot to encounter, to go forward in the work so well begun, and to preach the Gospel of Anti-Slavery without ceasing, until every bondman be set free, or death end our duties on earth.

Resolved, That we heartily congratulate one another and the friends of liberty throughout the land, upon the auspicious result of the trial of Castner Hanway, and that the efforts to revive in this country the obsolete and infamous doctrine of Constructive Treason, and to paralyze, by the terrors of the dungeon and the scaffold, not merely the fugitive's right of self-defence, but even the Liberty of the Press and the Freedom of Speech on the subject of Slavery, have so signally failed: and that in the general rejoicing of the people in view of this result we see an evidence of the progress of our cause and a sign of its future triumph.

An informal discussion arose upon the visit of Kossuth to this country, and the course of Abolitionists toward him, and the propriety of their addressing him.

Nathan Evans was in favour of adopting such an address, and asking Kossuth to petition the President to liberate Drayton and Sayres, now confined in the District of Columbia for aiding the escape of men from Slavery.

Thomas Whitson, of Lancaster Co., was not anxious to send a committee to wait upon Kossuth, and did not care much for such notice of any great man. He would compel by moral means, by the force of truth, ALL good men to support the cause. He believed that truth was adapted to man's nature, and that it was the mightiest weapon that could be employed in the prosecution of any reform. The meaning of the words 'patriot' and 'loyal' had been so changed in these days that they were no longer descriptive of a noble character, and he did not wish them applied to him. He preferred to be called 'traitor,' now that that word had become the sign of virtue and of devotion to his country's welfare. When the wicked bore the name of Lot, and denounced the righteous as Sodomites, he preferred to take rank with the latter, for he expected that Sodom would be saved and Lot destroyed. A change of names is not a change of things.

Henry Grew was in favour of addressing Kossuth, and could not approve of the position he had taken on the subject of American Slavery. He thought it the duty of a great man, himself a fugitive from oppression, to sympathize with the slaves of this country and openly to express that sympathy.

E. M. Davis did not wish to commit Kossuth to our cause. He was not willing to risk the one so near the heart of the great Hungarian. In expressing our sympathy he would tell him that inasmuch as we could neither give money nor furnish arms by which to overthrow by physical force the Slavery and despotism in our own land, neither could we overcome despotism in other lands by such means. He would bring before the mind of the Governor of Hungary in strong contrast, that while this nation is wild with joy and exultation upon his arrival among us, and the people were ready to pour thousands of dollars into his hands for the overthrow of European despotism, a political Slavery, they were at the same time retaining in personal Slavery over three millions of native born Americans, denying them every right, personal, political, social, and religious. That we were at the same time holding in our dungeons at the seat of government, in jails owned by the nation, Captains Drayton and Sayres, for doing for their injured and oppressed countrymen what they honoured him for doing. He would tell him when he entered the Hall of Independence that he was under the same roof where the State and Nation were trying men for an offence against the laws resembling in its most marked features the very thing for which they were glorifying him.

He would call his attention to the fact that while the nation was busy catching and re-enslaving fugitives from our own Slavery, it was honouring him, *the great fugitive of the day*. He would also call to the mind of Kossuth the facts which to us seem so glaring, that this nation must either deny its principles and its mode of carrying them out, (i. e. physical force), or take the ground of aggressive non-intervention, saying to Russia and Austria, 'thus far shall ye go and no further,' and if need be suiting the action to the word. There is no other course left for those who believe in physical force, and here I am reminded that it is a blessing to this land that the Abolitionists, at the same time that they imbibed the doctrine that every man has a right to himself, also adopted the doctrine of peace, and a belief that no permanent reform can be accomplished but by moral means, by a change in public opinion.

He would also remind Kossuth, and through him the people, that the nations will brand us as grossly inconsistent if we permit him to go home unaided, and add to it the stain of infamy, if we do that for those in other lands which we refuse to those born on our soil. He did not desire to throw any impediment in the way of the cause of Hungarian independence, but to give to Kossuth a cordial welcome, believing that with every speech he makes he is raising higher and higher the swelling tide of freedom.

C. M. Burleigh expressed his sympathy with the remarks of Henry Grew and E. M. Davis. He did not wish to commit Kossuth to any position he would not freely assume, but he would lay before the great champion of Hungarian liberty a clear statement of the struggle between Freedom and Despotism now going on in this country, and leave him to decide upon his own course toward this struggle.

Lucretia Mott moved the appointment of a committee to prepare an address to Kossuth, expressing our sympathy for his sentiments of liberty and a statement of our own principles and aims.

Oliver Johnson doubted the expediency of offering any address to Kossuth. He had already taken his position on the subject—his mind was absorbed by the one specific object for which he had come to the country—he had been wearied by addresses without number from all sorts of people, and Mr. J. thought it might be deemed impertinent to seek an audience with him during his brief stay in Philadelphia. He believed, moreover, that the visit of Kossuth to the United States would do a great deal to help the cause of Anti-Slavery, and he was quite content to leave his influence to operate naturally, as it was already doing, to such an extent as to excite the jealousy of the South.

J. M. McKim followed in a similar view, and after further discussion Mrs. Mott withdrew her motion, and the convention adjourned till 3 o'clock.

Afternoon.—The Convention assembled as adjourned, the President taking the chair: the subject of the morning was resumed. E. M. Davis offered a resolution renewing the motion for a Committee to address Kossuth, but subsequently accepted the following, offered by J. M. McKim, as a substitute:

Resolved, That the Convention recommend to the Executive Committee of the Pennsylvania Anti-Slavery Society to prepare an address for presentation to Louis Kossuth, expressive of sympathy with him in his heroic devotion to the cause of human freedom, and of earnest hope that his Herculean labours in this behalf will conduce to the overthrow of oppression, not in Hungary alone, but in the United States, and throughout the world.

An animated discussion followed, in which Clinton Gillingham, E. M. Davis, J. M. McKim, Dr. Hahnen and others, took part.

Rev. Henry D. Moore, pastor of the Independent church in Thirteenth Street, sustained the resolution in an eloquent speech, and pronounced a glowing eulogy upon Kossuth as a philanthropist, with sympathies as wide as humanity, though, like all other earnest men, he was chiefly absorbed in one definite object. He believed with a certain preacher in New York, that Kossuth was "God's man for the times," and none the less so because he had a special love for the country of his birth, and was chiefly absorbed in a mighty effort to make that country free.

After some further discussion, the resolution was unanimously adopted.

The resolutions on the table were then taken up and discussed with much spirit.

Mrs. Mott called upon those present to show their faith and their purpose for the future by their practical efforts for the cause, calling their attention especially to the Fair.

E. M. Davis believed our cause required more liberal contributions, and alluded to the vast sums contributed to the treasury of the various religious societies for objects inferior in importance, and the immeasurable good we might do with equal means.

C. M. Burleigh commented upon the attempts made by the slave power at Washington, and its tools, in our own State, to crush free discussion and intimidate free thought on this question, and the peculiar importance of an outspoken and fearless bearing, and unceasing activity on the part of all Abolitionists. He hoped for a general expression upon the resolutions.

Oliver Johnson spoke hopefully of our prospects.

Mr. John Mann, of Potter Co., had never attended a convention of this kind before, but had long sympathized with its object and laboured in his sphere to promote it. Several years ago there were only two Abolitionists in Potter county, but those two went to work for the cause, and now, as the result of their labour, he believed there were more than two hundred.

After further discussion the Convention adjourned to 10 o'clock to-morrow morning.

Thursday Morning.—The Convention met and the President being absent, James Mott took the Chair. The minutes of the previous day having been read, the resolutions came up and were further discussed with much ability and spirit.

Thomas Whitson responded cordially to the sentiment of the first resolution, and was cheered at the evidences around of the spread of Truth.

J. M. McKim alluded to the sadness and depression which oppressed many of our friends some months since, and his own faith at the time that the heavens would brighten. He now saw the verification of that faith, in the defeat of the Government in its attempt to stifle free speech by accusations of treason; in the visit of Kossuth; in the more favourable feeling exhibited by editors of the daily press, and citizens heretofore unconnected with our movement; and even in the result of the State election, which, at first glance, seemed discouraging. He never felt in better spirits or more hopeful for our cause. It only remained for us to go on as heretofore, with untiring zeal, and we must succeed.

Henry Grew replied to objections against the Abolitionists, showing that men are bound to renounce and break wicked contracts and promises, and hence that a promise to return fugitive slaves could have no force.

Mr. Bradley, a stranger, spoke in support of the resolution. The hopeful prospects of the Anti-Slavery cause were cause for gratitude. Truth and Justice must triumph. He was not discouraged by the Fugitive Law, but believed it was doing a good work to hasten its overthrow, and that of Slavery. He should not be discouraged even if Slavery should be re-established in the free States, for he knew that the right must prevail.

A brisk discussion ensued upon Mr. B.'s suggestion to so amend the resolution as to qualify its allusion to the pulpit.

The first resolution was then unanimously adopted without amendment.

On the second resolution there was considerable diversity of opinion, and several amendments were offered to it, but it was finally, after being passed and reconsidered, referred to Oliver Johnson and Lucretia Mott for revision.

The following series of resolutions was then read by J. M. McKim, and accepted for consideration:

Whereas, the spirit of misrepresentation has recently been abroad with fresh malignity, respecting the principles and measures of the Abolitionists; therefore, we renewedly adopt the language of the declaration of the National Anti-Slavery Convention, held in this city in 1833: "Our principles forbid the doing of evil that good may come, and lead us to reject, and to entreat the oppressed to reject, the use of all carnal weapons for deliverance from bondage, relying solely upon those which are spiritual, and mighty through God to the pulling down strongholds. Our measures shall be such only as the opposition of moral purity to moral corruption—the destruction of error by the potency of truth—the overthrow of prejudice by the power of love—and the abolition of Slavery by the spirit of repentance."

Resolved, That the demands which we make upon this nation, in the name of justice and by Divine authority, are these: That all title of property in slaves shall instantly cease, because their Creator has never relinquished his claim of ownership, and because none have a right to sell their own bodies, or buy those of their own species. That every husband shall have his own wife, and every wife her own husband, and be placed under the protection of equal laws. That to all parents shall belong their own offspring, to be educated, cherished and reared in "the nurture and admonition of the Lord." That all traffic in human beings shall be regarded as piracy. That all those laws which now prohibit the instruction of the slaves shall be repealed, and others enacted providing schools for their intellectual and moral culture. That the labourers shall receive a just compensation for their labours.

Resolved, That to say that these demands are unjust or fanatical, or that an immediate compliance with them would be attended with disastrous consequences to life and property, to the peace of society, and the safety of government, is to deny that man is man, that God is God, and to proclaim the reign of violence, lust, oppression, atheism and anarchy.

Afternoon.—The second resolution was reported back by the Committee amended, but after considerable discussion it was subsequently amended on motion of the Rev. H. D. Moore, and was adopted as follows:

Resolved, That we heartily congratulate one another, and the friends of liberty throughout the land, upon the auspicious result of the recent trial of Castner Hanway; and that the efforts to revive in this country the obsolete and infamous doctrine of constructive treason, and to paralyze, by the terror of the dungeon and the scaffold, not merely the fugitive's cherished hope of maintaining his freedom, but even the Liberty of the Press, and the Freedom of Speech on the subject of Slavery, have so signally failed—and that in the general rejoicing of the people, in view of this result, we see an evidence of the progress of our cause, and a sign of its future triumph.

The series of resolutions read at the close of the morning session was taken up, and after slight amendment they were all adopted, and the Convention adjourned to Friday morning.

Friday Morning.—The Convention met, James Mott in the Chair. After some general remarks by Thomas Whitson and others, J. M. McKim introduced and advocated the following resolution, which, after an interesting discussion by Mrs. Mott, E. M. Davis, Oliver Johnson, M. B. Linton and Mary Grew, was adopted with no dissent:

Whereas, The Anti-Slavery cause is continually increasing in importance, and every year presents new claims upon its friends for their supports; and, whereas, among the various means which are employed for its advancement, none is more efficacious than that of the Anti-Slavery Fair; and, whereas, the experience of 15 years has proved the value of this instrumentality and commends it to the favourable consideration of all true friends of Freedom; therefore,

Resolved, That this Convention recommend to the Female Anti-Slavery Society to commence at an early day their preparations for the next Fair, and to take measures to make that occasion one of extraordinary interest and productiveness.

Resolved, That it be recommended further to the Society aforesaid, to circulate at once a prospectus or subscription paper, in which shall be inserted the names of such persons as are willing thus to indicate their readiness to contribute, either in the way of labour, money, merchandise, or mechanical or agricultural products or otherwise, that may seem effective for that purpose, to the contemplated Fair of 1852.

The following resolution was offered by J. M. McKim, and sustained by several of the speakers:

Resolved, That this Convention have heard with satisfaction that *The Pennsylvania Freeman* is to be enlarged at the commencement of the next volume; and that, appreciating the importance of the Press as an Anti-Slavery instrumentality, we recognise it as our duty to do all in our power to extend the circulation, and thereby increase the usefulness of that paper.

J. M. McKim spoke of the necessity of enlarging the *Freeman* to keep pace with the increasing importance of the cause, and of the greater value of the paper to its readers.

Several friends from the country expressed their gratification at the contemplated enlargement of the paper, and their approval of the proposal that every subscriber should procure one or more new subscribers.

E. F. Pennypacker urged the importance of a wider circulation of the *Freeman*, and of more lecturers through the State.

O. Johnson pressed the importance of individual effort by Abolitionists everywhere, to circulate the paper and spread Anti-Slavery sentiments.

Mr. Giddings, who had entered during this discussion, remarked that the friends of freedom in Northern Ohio had some knowledge of the gentleman who edited the *Freeman*, and that he was dear to their hearts, and he could cordially commend him to the confidence and support of the Abolitionists of Pennsylvania.

The resolution was then heartily adopted.

The following resolution was then introduced, and, after a brief discussion by B. Rush Plumly, Robert Purvis, and others, it was unanimously adopted:

Resolved, That the People and the Government of the United States, in extending an enthusiastic welcome to LOUIS KOSSUTH, the illustrious fugitive from Austrian Despotism, and in the honours which they have bestowed upon him as the friend of Universal Liberty, have proclaimed before the world their transcendant guilt in supporting Slavery, and enacting laws providing for the restoration to their masters of "*the Swarthy Kossuths* of our native land," who have taken their flight from a bondage fraught with infinitely more misery than that from which the Hungarian Exile has made his escape.

Adjourned *sine die.*—*Pennsylvania Freeman.*

MEETING TO HEAR MR. GIDDINGS.

ON Thursday evening last the large hall occupied by the Fair was densely crowded by an audience attracted chiefly by the announcement that that veteran in the cause of Freedom, Hon. Joshua R. Giddings, would make an address. The desire to see and hear the man who for so many years has breasted with heroic firmness the storms of pro-slavery wrath which have swept over the Capitol and through the halls of Congress, induced many to attend who are not often seen at Anti-Slavery meetings. There was also a very general desire to hear the introductory speech of Mr. Furness.

At the appointed hour, James Mott, who had been requested to preside, called the meeting to order; when Mr. Joshua Hutchinson, of 'the tribe of Jesse,' from 'the Old Granite State,' thrilled the whole assembly by singing, as none but a Hutchinson *can* sing, the beautiful song—

"If I were a voice, a persuasive voice."

Nothing could have been more appropriate as a prelude than this expressive song, which kindled the deepest and purest feelings of the soul, and made every one feel how holy was the cause which looked to the emancipation of millions from the chains of Slavery.

The Chairman then introduced to the meeting Rev. William H. Furness, who delivered the following beautiful Address, which he has kindly written out at our request.

MR. FURNESS' ADDRESS.

I am charged with the honourable office of introducing to this meeting the Hon. Joshua R. Giddings, of the House of Representatives, a veteran in the cause of Human Freedom. His untiring zeal in that cause, and his loyalty to the sacred rights of free thought and free speech, exercised in a most conspicuous sphere, in the Halls of Congress, are known and read of all men. Already has he fought a good fight. Already has he won a crown of glory, the glory of a brave and honest love of liberty, in the hearts of thousands in our land. But I am as sure that he does not desire, as I am sure that he does not need any praises of mine. Conscious as he must be, of that exceeding great reward which the faithful service of Truth and Liberty pours into a man's bosom, he must regard all human commendation as idle wind. And I have very little doubt that he is thinking now how much better I might spend my breath than in talking about him.

Well, then, although we owe it to ourselves as well as to him to give him a cordial welcome this evening, and to pay him the tribute of our sincere respect, I will not enlarge upon those claims of his, which indeed cannot be unknown to you, but I will take this occasion to congratulate him and you and all the lovers of liberty upon the grand progress which the cause is making, upon the significant and most cheering signs of the times.

In the first place, there is the whole aspect of things turned now to contemplate the question of Freedom and Slavery; public and universal attention fixed upon the subject. Less than a quarter of a century ago, the existence of American Slavery had got entirely out of sight. The people had utterly forgotten that there was such a thing. We all boasted of living in a country where *every man was free*, unconscious of the falsehood of the pretension, forgetful of the fact that some millions of our fellow-beings were in an abject state of bondage on our own soil, kept there by our own prejudices and laws. But now, what a change has taken place. Now the fact has come up, it is visible to all eyes. It commands universal recognition. Once the idea of the abolition of Slavery was a one idea. But it was as the rod of Moses in the hands of William Lloyd Garrison; he flung it forth into the hearts of the people, and it became alive, a serpent, the symbol of Wisdom and Eternity. Now the one idea is found to be all-related. It is present in all meetings. It is implicating all interests.

Look at the United States Senate; for ten or twelve years the subject was not suffered there, not a whisper of it disturbed the repose of that dignified body. The Senate Chamber was as silent on this point as if it had been a church. Now, there are men there second to none in that body, Hale, Seward, Chase and Sumner, who, if they are not unreservedly committed to the abolition of Slavery, have yet turned their faces towards the sun of Freedom, and are resolved to check and to change the pro-slavery tendencies of our National Administration. Let us thank God for that.

Again, there is the result of our great trial for Treason. We do not know, friends, what noble historical personages are here among us this night. The humble name of Castner Hanway is now stamped with immortality. It is enrolled on the record of history with the names of Hampden, Russell and Sidney. I care not to enlarge upon this famous trial. I will only say that when the Abolitionists—any Abolition Society—does anything a thousandth part as wicked, contemptible, unwise and costly to itself as this mighty Government has done in its defeated attempt to get up and prosecute a new crime of treason—when the Abolitionists do anything as ridiculous, I for one will renounce them forever!

But the most stirring event by far of the present time is the coming of the glorious Hungarian Fugitive. With what thunders of applause has he been received at New York! How have our people leaped to welcome him! But the Government, the official organ of this great nation, our national Tongue—that was dumb for awhile. And when it did speak, it stuttered and stammered. Rather a mortifying contrast. Here was Kossuth speaking in almost any language that came to hand, using English as if it were his vernacular, but our Government could not get out a simple welcome to our Guest! What was the matter? We all know what was the matter. There was an impediment, a *Southern* impediment in its speech. Our national tongue had been rolling under it for long years the poison of Slavery as a sweet morsel, and *that* it was that obstructed its utterance. It was not for Southern lips to speak the welcome, it was not for a Foote to do the office of the tongue on that occasion. The fit words were for Northern lips to utter, Seward and Sumner.

When Kossuth first landed, and our people, so fond as they are of talk, were impatient for a speech, he apologized and prayed indulgence on the score of sea-sickness. His head was still dizzy: our great continent, he said, trembled under his steps. And it did tremble; it is yet trembling. The shock was felt in Washington, in the Senate chamber, in the Hall of Representatives.

The great Hungarian pleads among us for a great doctrine, for the high principle of non-intervention, which insists that every man and every nation shall mind its own business, and be allowed, without interference, to settle its own business in its own way. I believe the assertion of so plain a principle of truth now, would have been needless on this side of the world, if our Constitution had not at the first made that weak and disgraceful compromise with Slavery, if it had not allowed that unholy interference with human rights which Slavery is. Had we been free from the first, had we abolished Slavery in the outset, our very existence as a nation, our bare presence in the world as a nation, would have been an intervention, commanding and irresistible, against intervention, against interference with the inalienable rights of Humanity.

As it is, however, all that is wanted of us, all that we need do, is to make our testimony in behalf of Human Rights full and complete. At present, we render to the sacred cause of liberty only a qualified testimony. The advocates of oppression abroad can say: "It is true they have freedom, a great deal of freedom in America, but they have only so much, after all, as they find expedient. Their freedom does not prove that freedom is necessary to all men. Their freedom is not a universal principle and law; it is only a happy accident. They have Slavery there, and what is more, they cherish it as the foundation of their union and prosperity." Our power is thus palsied. To intervene in behalf of non-intervention abroad, we must show liberty at home, in all its completeness, in all its celestial beauty. And the sight shall ravish and revolutionize the human race.

Friends, although I preach every week, I am unaccustomed to extemporaneous speech. I am quite surprised at myself. But since Kossuth landed, I have caught a glimpse of the secret of the gift of Tongues. On him the fire of Liberty has descended; and that it is that inspires human speech. He is breathing that fire into the coldest of us and the most humble.

We may see now, in the present state of the country, the immense good of all the Anti-Slavery agitation which has been so much deplored. How often, friends, have you been beset with the reproof: 'Why keep up this everlasting talk about Slavery? Why this harping forever on this string?' The reason of it all is now explained, and the use. You have been helping to prepare the people to connect the fact of American Slavery with the principle of Human Liberty. This fact and this principle have been kept far apart. The principle had become an abstraction too. Now the two are coming together, and people must see how beautiful is the one and how ugly the other. It does not need Abolitionists to make the application. The advocates of Slavery make the application themselves. They are beginning to discern the import of Freedom.

Since God, by daily and public events, is coming to the help of the weak against the mighty, let us take heart and hope. Let us not relax our energies or grow indolent because Truth is so strong, but let us work all the more earnestly in such noble and inspiring company.

At the conclusion of the foregoing address, which was frequently interrupted by the cheers of the audience—

Mr. Giddings presented himself, and as his manly form and gray hairs became visible to the throng, he was welcomed by a burst of enthusiastic applause. He began his address by saying that he was unaccustomed to pleading the Anti-Slavery cause in the presence of such an assembly as he now saw before him. His Anti-Slavery experience had been that of a warrior in perpetual conflict with the enemy. Among the opponents of the cause he was never embarrassed—never at a loss for words; but in the presence of its friends he scarcely knew what to say. If any of the audience had come to the meeting with the expectation of hearing an eloquent speech, he promised them that they would be disappointed, and that was the *only* promise he could make (laughter). At this point some one at the further end of the hall said that he and those around him had not been able to hear more than half that Mr. G. had uttered; to which Mr. G. promptly responded, 'You have not lost much' (laughter).' Mr. G. went on to describe the contrast between the scene by which he was now surrounded and that presented only twenty-four hours previous, when an American wife and mother had called upon him at his room in Washington to beg him to do something to save her from an eternal separation from her husband, who had been sold to a slave-trader, and unless speedily redeemed by the interposition of warm-hearted friends, must go off to the far South to drag out a miserable existence amidst the horrors of the plantation. Although cases like this were of frequent occurrence in Washington, and well known to those who made laws for the people, they excited very little attention. During the whole fourteen years he had been a member of Congress he had never heard the Chaplain of the House offer a single prayer for the wretched victims of oppression who were confined in the prisons of the District of Columbia, and who, torn away from kindred and friends, were ready to be shipped or driven off in chains to the far South. Claiming to be ministers of Him who came to proclaim liberty to the captives and the opening of the prison to them that were bound, they utterly excluded the slaves from the circle of their sympathies. On one occasion, several years ago, just after he had finished an Anti-Slavery speech in the House, he was told that somebody wished to see him in the recess. On passing out, the Chaplain, Mr. Tustin, introduced him to Rev. Dr. Wylie, of Scotland, a delegate to this country from the Free Church. The Doctor thereupon complimented him for the Anti-Slavery speech which he (Mr. G.) had delivered; in reply to which he said in the hearing of Mr. Tustin, "I have to do all the preaching and praying for the slaves in the House, for our Chaplain here, though he prays for every body else, never remembers the wretched victims in yonder slave prison." Dr. Wylie, turning to the Chaplain, with a most expressive glance, asked, "Brother Tustin, is this true?" Mr. T. was very much embarrassed, and could only stammer out, "O, we don't think it would be prudent to make any allusion to the subject." Mr. Giddings commented very severely upon such conduct on the part of a man who claimed to be a minister of Christ.

Mr. Giddings spoke about an hour and a half, during which time he held the undivided attention of the audience. He reviewed the present aspects of the Anti-Slavery cause as it stands connected with current political events, and expressed the belief that the signs of the times were never more encouraging than now. Having been compelled to stand during his address, we took no notes and cannot undertake to present our readers with even a sketch of what fell from his lips. It is enough to say that he thrilled the whole assembly by his denunciations of the Fugitive law, which he said he would trample under his feet as an unholy thing and an outrage upon the Constitution. His allusions to the Christiana affair and to the efforts of the Government to hang peaceable citizens of Pennsylvania as traitors were rapturously applauded. He made no secret of his admiration and approval of the conduct of the blacks in fighting for their freedom, and said that if he were a slave he would take his liberty if he had to walk over the dead bodies of slaveholders all the way from the borders of Kentucky to the Canada line. He thanked God that so strong was the hostility to this infernal law among the people of the Western Reserve that the whole army and navy of the United States could never enforce it there.

When Mr. Giddings had concluded his address, Lucretia Mott arose, and while expressing her dissent from those portions of his speech which sanctioned violence, thanked him on behalf of the Managers of the Fair and of the Abolitionists generally for his kindness in appearing upon our platform, and for his manly vindication of the rights of the slave. She also expressed thanks to Joshua Hutchinson for his musical aid, which had afforded so much delight to the audience. Some one suggested that she ought not to forget Mr. Furness, when she answered that he was so entirely one of us that a compliment to him would seem like a compliment to ourselves. Messrs. Giddings and Hutchinson were our guests, and therefore entitled to our thanks. This sentiment was warmly applauded.

The Chairman said he was glad to see that we had with us on the occasion two of the Christiana Traitors; whereupon there was a cry, "Let them come to the platform." In this call Mr. Giddings joined, and Castner Hanway and Elijah Lewis, though naturally reluctant to exhibit themselves, took their place on the platform amidst the most tempestuous cheers. Mr. Giddings, standing between them, and taking them by the hand, said: "I declare to you, my friends, that I am far prouder in being permitted to grasp the hands of these brave men, than I should be to receive the applause of the mightiest prince that ever trod the footstool of the Almighty." The cheers which followed this were tremendous.

Joshua Hutchinson then sang "The Liberty Ball." The rich tones of his clarion voice went to the hearts of the assembly, awakening a most delightful response.

Mr. Giddings closed the proceedings by a few remarks, in which he urged those who were present to manifest their interest in the cause, by making liberal purchases of the beautiful articles which were lying in such profusion upon the tables of the Fair. His plea we rejoice to say, was not wholly disregarded.—*Ibid.*

TRIAL BY JURY.

SYRACUSE, Dec. 10.

GEORGE F. COMSTOCK, ESQ.—A variety of engagements have prevented my replying to yours of the 4th instant, on Trial by Jury, until to-day.

You tell me, near the close of that letter, that a better knowledge of legal proceedings would not at all increase my usefulness as a minister. I am sorry, sir, that you have so poor an opinion of the law. The practices of lawyers I know are often very base. As a minister of religion I thought it my duty to make some inquiries into those practices, that I might know how to admonish lawyers, as well as other men. But I have always supposed the institution of "the law" to be one of the highest evidences of the progress of civilization; and as such to claim the careful consideration of all men, who desired to carry forward the improvement of mankind. I have understood "the law" to be a process, by which society would establish justice, maintain the right, defend the innocent, punish the guilty; an imperfect process, doubtless, and therefore subject to amendment; but a process, the end and aim of which were coincident with true morality.

I have supposed the science of "the law" to be founded in the principles of human nature; and as human nature is the great subject, on which a minister is called to operate, I have supposed much good might be derived from the careful perusal of some of the best elementary treatises on law and civil government. Early in life, therefore, I read several such treatises; among them, a considerable portion of Blackstone's Commentaries, from which you quote a passage, though not fairly as I shall presently show.

In 1833, I was living in Connecticut, a few miles from Canterbury, in which town an excellent young lady, Prudence Crandall, unostentatiously opened a boarding school for the daughters of such coloured persons as might be able and willing to patronize her. A most iniquitous attempt was made to crush her enterprise. I volunteered for her defence—we had a long contest at law, with her persecutors. The law that was enacted on purpose to break up her school (in virtue of which she was arrested and imprisoned as a felon) we pronounced a wicked, and an unconstitutional one. With that "issue" we went to the jury, and obtained a verdict in her favour. The District Attorney appealed to the Court of Errors, and that court sustained the verdict of the jury.

In the course of those trials, I heard much said by some of the ablest lawyers in Connecticut,[*] on the province of the jury, and listened to the authorities on which they rested their arguments. Thus you see, sir, I have had some occasion to inform myself on the subject of "the jury." And I regard it as the chief safeguard against wicked legislation, and subservient judges. In your article of November 18th, you quote from one of my letters to "Ignoramus" these words, "the judges on the bench may be tools of the government," and you call attention to them, as if I had thrown out an unwarrantable insinuation. Do you really mean to imply, sir, that the history of judicial proceedings, both in this country and in England, gives very little if any countenance to the apprehension, that the judges are apt to incline to the side of the government, whose laws they are appointed to administer? If this is the implication you intended, allow me to commend to you a volume or two. I know nothing of the origin and intent of "the Jury," if it be not an influence thrown into judicial proceedings, from the side of the people, to counterbalance the influence of the government, which may be expected to preponderate with the court; and thus help to keep the equipoise of the scale of justice.

I have never pretended, that there was any enactment, giving to the jury power to decide on the law as well as the fact. I have moreover intimated that it is a power, which should be used cautiously, and never appealed to but in emergent cases. Nevertheless, it is a power, which does reside in the jury: and cannot be taken from them, unless you deprive them of their humanity. All this is allowed by the most prominent authority, which you quote in opposition to me, as would have appeared perhaps more plainly, if you had quoted the whole of the sentence, instead of stopping at a semicolon. Sir William Blackstone says (I suppose in the place to which you refer, though I have a different edition) "they (the jury) have an unquestionable right of determining upon the circumstances, and finding a general verdict, if they think proper so to hazard a breach of their oaths; and, if their verdict be notoriously wrong, they may be punished, and the verdict set aside by attaint and at the suit of the king, but not at the suit of the prisoner."

Now, sir, you seem to me to have made a very disingenuous use of this quotation. You would lead your readers to suppose that it was Blackstone's opinion, as well as your own, that a jury cannot assume to judge of the law, as well as the facts, without violating their oaths. But, was William Blackstone the man to say that the jury have an unquestionable right to do what he considered it unquestionably wrong for them to do? No, sir; and his language is, "if they think proper *so to hazard* their oaths"—by which he obviously meant that they might not venture to do this without incurring the danger of being tried and punished for the violation of their oath, if their verdict should be *notoriously wrong;* a danger, by the bye, which no longer exists in this country, and I believe not in England.

You call to your aid the opinion of an eminent American Judge, who says that this assumption of the jury to decide on the law as well as the fact, "is classed by all writers on the subject among their powers to do wrong." I know not, sir, who that eminent Judge may be, but he seems not to have read Blackstone carefully on this point, for as I have shown above, that great English commentator classes such a procedure by the jury among their unquestionable rights, which they may exercise in a supposed case, and at a particular hazard. Your eminent Judge, sir, does not agree with Blackstone so well as he does with Comstock.

You also quote from Judge Story. I knew that eminent man, and I revere his memory. I grant that he is worthy on your side; and you may well be proud of such an ally. But, sir, as far as names and authorities are concerned, we can adduce on our side those that are as weighty even as Story's. Besides Blackstone, who, I have shown clearly, sustains me in all I have said on this point, there is the opinion of Hon. Samuel Chase, of the U. S. Supreme Court, as given in the case of Fries. In his charge to the jury he said: "It is the duty of the Court in this case, and in all *criminal* cases, to state to the jury their opinion of the law arising on the facts; but the jury are to decide in the present, and in all criminal cases, *both the law and the facts*, on their consideration of the whole case."

There, too, is the opinion of the Hon. John Jay, one of the most illustrious names in the history of our Republic. When he was Chief Justice of the U. S. in a case which you will find reported (3 Dallas, 4,) the State of Georgia vs. Brallsford, in behalf of the whole Court, he said in his charge to the jury—"It may not be amiss here, gentlemen, to remind you of the good old rule, that on questions of fact it is the province of the jury—on questions of law it is the province of the court to decide. But it must be observed, that by the same law that recognizes this reasonable distribution of jurisdiction, you have nevertheless a right to take upon yourselves to judge of both, and to determine the law as well as the fact in controversy. On this, and on every other occasion, however, we have no doubt you will pay that respect which is due to the opinion of the Court; for as on the one hand it is presumed that juries are the best judges of facts, it is, on the other hand, presumable that the Court are the best judges of law. But still, both are lawfully within your power of decision."

So far as authorities are concerned, I am willing to leave the defence of my position with such as I have quoted—Blackstone, Chase as Jay. If you would have more, you may find them in Appendix B of Mr. Spooner's pamphlet, entitled "A Defence for Fugitive Slaves." And there, too, you will find some more authorities on your side, showing that this is a question about which eminent legal men have differed, and do still differ; and therefore it must be left as some other important questions in law, as well as morals, are left, undecided by law or authority; left to be decided, in any given case, by the obvious proprieties of that case.

I wish therefore to recall your attention to a question, that I put to you in my former letter, on Trial by Jury; a question, which in your reply you have not deigned to notice. I reminded you of the form of words in which the jury on a criminal trial, in Massachusetts and I presume elsewhere, are summoned by the court to their high duty. The prisoner at the bar, has "for trial put himself upon the country, which country you are." I asked you, sir, the meaning of the words I have italicised. You have not answered my question. It is a very pertinent one. I press it upon you again. You have tried to ridicule the meaning I have put upon these words; but you have not begun to tell me what you understand by them.

In treating of that part of my former letter, you have resorted to one of those artifices, which some lawyers are apt to use, when they are more anxious "to get their case" than to establish the truth. You have belaboured a word which I used, taking it in a sense different from that in which I used it. I said, that in a criminal case, where the life or liberty of the accused is put in peril, "the ultimate decision is left with the moral sense of the people, who are supposed to be fairly represented by twelve discreet impartial men." You pounce upon the word "represented," and indulge yourself very freely at my expense, as if I had intimated that the jury were representatives, in the same sense that delegates to the General Assembly or to Congress are representatives. Is this, sir, worthy of a respectable lawyer? Take any twelve men, and will you deny that, in an obvious sense, they *represent* the race of beings to which they belong—the nation of which they are a part—the city or town in which they live? Will you deny this, because they were not chosen by their constituents for a specific purpose? You will not. If you find these twelve men to be all rich men, or all poor men, all learned or all ignorant, all saints or all sinners: if you find them to be of any one class, you say the city, the country, the race is not fairly represented by them. If you find them to be of various conditions and characters, you say, they are a fair representation. Now, sir, you must have known that it was in this general way, and not in a technical sense, that I called "the jury" representatives of the people. Why, then, did you go about to obscure my meaning, and avoid answering my plain question? I press that question upon you again. The prisoner has, "*for trial put himself upon the country which country you are.*" What, sir, is the meaning of the words I have italicised? I cannot yet understand it to be, that the jury are called together at hap-hazard, merely to decide a question of fact; but it seems to me to imply, that these men have been so obtained that they may be supposed fairly to represent the average intelligence and moral sense of the community; discreet and impartial men. These are summoned to decide in a case, about which they previously have known nothing, or not enough to have formed any opinion. The law which has been violated is read to them; the evidence that the person accused has violated the law is laid before them; the aggravating and the palliating circumstances of the case are also exhibited; and then the jury are left to decide whether the accused is "guilty" or "not guilty." Now, sir, is it not obvious, that the common sense of mankind see it to be right—if the law which has been violated is an outrageous one; shocking to the feelings of humanity, that the jury should and will give due weight to this bad character of the law among the circumstances, which go to palliate the act of the prisoner, yes, to palliate so far as to excuse it? It cannot be otherwise, it will not often be otherwise. This is the greatest benefit to be derived from trial by jury. And I have little doubt, sir, that few juries will be found in the free States of our Republic, to convict men for a violation of this atrocious "Fugitive Slave Law."

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[*] The Hon. William W. Ellsworth, Hon. Calvin Goddard, Hon. Henry Strong, were Miss Crandall's counsel.

I will not deny myself the pleasure, nor you the benefit, of again quoting part of the passage which I gave you in my former communication on this subject, taken from the *North American Review*, for April, 1825: "It is pretty generally conceded that even in England and America it is only a defence against the oppression of the Government that the trial by jury is of any real value.* * * It is better a thousand fold to encounter in their most aggravated form the ignorance, the obstinacy, the caprice of juries on common questions of law, than to have the lives and properties of the citizens, *in times of political excitement*, in the hands of the Government." It will add not a little, I suppose, to the weight of these words in your estimation, as well as mine, when I tell you they are from the pen of Hon. Edward Everett.

But, sir, there is a practical way to test the question between us. Suppose the Judge charges the jury, that if they find a given state of facts they must bring in a verdict of "guilty." The jury find the facts, but differ from the Court as to the law, and so pronounce the prisoner "not guilty." What becomes of the assumption of the Court to decide the law? In a civil case, they can set aside the verdict and order a new trial. But in a criminal case, you know, they can neither refuse to receive and record a general verdict of not guilty, although the jury have given it in the teeth of the instructions of the Court upon the law; nor can they in any way set the verdict aside, or grant a new trial. The prisoner must be acquitted, discharged, and the Court is without remedy.

"That they are the sole judges of the law," is, then, a mere assumption of the Court, to which they have no power to give effect. The claim is therefore, absurd, as I had supposed, every lawyer knew. If this be so, then it is plain that in the result the jury are the ultimate judges both of the law and the fact. From their decision there is no appeal. Nor can any Jeffries upon the Bench reverse or overthrow it. The assumption, then, by the Court to decide the law, without any power to enforce its opinion against that of the jury, is idle, is ridiculous.

—*Syracuse Star*. SAMUEL J. MAY.

National Anti-Slavery Standard.

**** All communications for the paper, and letters relating to its pecuniary concerns should be addressed to* SYDNEY HOWARD GAY, *New-York.*

†‡† *Donations to the Treasury of the* AMERICAN ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY *may be forwarded to* FRANCIS JACKSON, *Treasurer, at Boston; or to* SYDNEY HOWARD GAY, *New-York.*

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, JANUARY 8, 1852.

Then turning to Judge BEALE, KOSSUTH said he wished very much to have the honour to go to Virginia, because, being himself an agriculturalist, he took a great interest in that pursuit. He had found that continual intercourse with the everlasting, ever young, ever beautiful, ever pure nature, was a lasting source of generous sentiment in man's heart. He was, therefore, highly attracted to agriculture.—*Kossuth in reply to a Virginian M. C. at Washington.*

IT would be a pity if the reasonable desire of M. Kossuth should not be gratified. We wish for him, not only that he may see the Agriculture of Virginia—"mother of statesmen and of States," as he called her, so apt is he in catching the precise local phrase which feeds fattest the vanity of every new-comer—but that he may also see that of all the Southern section of the Union. There is not much worthy of observation of man's invention and execution in this new country; but Southern Agriculture, we may vaunt ourselves, has reached, for its kind, a point very near perfection. We do not know whether it was permitted to the Hungarian exile, while in this city, to visit Barnum's Museum, Genin's Hat Store or Grace Church, all objects of intense interest to the intelligent and curious traveller; especially the latter, which our architectural connoisseurs consider as rather an improvement upon the Cologne Cathedral, of which it condescends, in a sort, to be a copy. But whether he may, or may not, have seen those wonders of the New World, he certainly ought not to leave it till he has observed the workings of that system of Agriculture which pervades our Southern States.

Cicero said that husbandmen are, of all men, the best and most honest; and many of the poets, both ancient and modern, from Homer to Virgil, and from Virgil to the author of the last pastoral, whoever he he may be, have agreed in singing the praises and ennobling influences of a life spent in tilling the soil. M. Kossuth is not without authority, if he needed it, for the high opinion he pronounces on the profession of an Agriculturist; and we are told that he avowed in conversation when here, that his own choice in life, had he followed his inclination, would have been that of the kindred science of Horticulture. If he has a genius, he thinks, for anything, it is for the cultivation of other flowers than those of Rhetoric, and the culling of other garlands than those of Oratory. However this may be, and whether he and the poets are absolutely right in the estimation in which they hold Agriculture as most conducive to man's moral nature, this is not the place to discuss. But this, at least, we may affirm; that were he to go among many of our northern farmers, he would find indeed, that "ever young, ever beautiful, ever pure nature" had been "a source of generous sentiment in man's heart." No poet or orator, whether ancient or modern, has said more, even with a limited range of comparison, than may be truly said, with the wide field of comparison which the civilization of our day gives us, of a portion of the Agriculturists of the Northern States. We should regret to be called upon to defend this proposition as regards the Agriculturists of the South. It would be easier to maintain that Agriculturists who never labour, except with the whip, and husbandmen who never do anything else, and always do it with no other incentive than the whip affords, are not the men among whom we are to look for the most generous sentiments, though they may always live face to face to nature, looking always upon her "flowery stars," and her "starry flowers." We are sorry to say so, but we fear that M. Kossuth's brief residence at the Capitol of our glorious Republic has, in some measure, corrupted him. He has already learned to talk to Bunkum.

In one of his speeches, the illustrious Hungarian characterized, though unintentionally, and by way of illustrating some other subject, an almost universal American sentiment, by one of those happy phrases which so adorn and animate his eloquence. He spoke of "a lust of Cotton." He need, indeed, have only walked from the Battery to Wall street, on his first arrival, to find this national passion in the most intense development; and doubtless he has recognised and lamented it in his progress Southward, especially the last week in the action of the House of Representatives, at Washington, on the question of his reception. And having seen it, he has endeavoured to turn it to account, and make it subservient to his great purpose; trade, he maintains to all his commercial audiences, will be enlarged and benefitted when the non-intervention of Russia in the affairs of Hungary shall be secured by the intervention of the United States. The "lust of Cotton," he hopes, will yield to the seductive prospect of a profitable investment. What argument he will find powerful enough to influence the passion when he goes farther South, remains to be seen. He must find a new one in a region where this passion absorbs all others; but we may trust to his genius.

For it is at the South, and in that agriculture which he desires so much to see, that he will find, in place of the generous sentiment which nature, ever young, ever beautiful, and ever pure, elsewhere produces, pre-eminently the "lust of Cotton." Should he go to the Southernmost States he will see it in its first development and in the culture of the cotton-plant itself; but should he be attracted only so far as Virginia, her Agriculture will shew it him one step removed from the original type. Virginia, if he examine closely, he will find to be the mother of something more than of Statesmen and of States. She is also a great breeding slave-mother of cotton-growers for her Southern neighbours. Her worn-out fields, scarrified by a rude hoe which Cato or Columella would have laughed at—we do not mean the Virginian Cato; *he* does anything but laugh at it—produce only corn enough to give a peck a week to each of her sons and daughters, whom her and their generous cultivators ship for New Orleans and a market. And the market is sure to be a brisk and never-failing one while cotton is from ten to fifteen cents a pound, and the Agriculturist of that section finds it cheaper to work up his 'gang' of labourers and purchase new, every seven years, rather than permit and rely upon the natural increase. M. Kossuth, when he assured Judge Beale of his wish to see Virginian Agriculture, should have been informed, if he is not aware of it, that he could have seen fine specimens of her staple production in the Barracoons at Baltimore. He would find there many who could give him a very perfect notion of Southern Agriculture, and which, we fear, he will not get by a visit to Virginia, unless he accepts the hospitality of the Slave-hut, rather than of the Planter's mansion, and goes with the real Agriculturist to the cotton field, and the rice swamps, and not merely with their masters through splendid avenues in luxurious carriages. He will see, in that case, a new meaning in his phrase of "a lust of cotton," and understand, as he probably never will, the character of the Agriculture of the South.

☞ THE *Journal of Commerce* has recently been making appeals for a sum of money sufficient to redeem a coloured lad from Slavery whose parents were about to be exiled to Liberia; and we are glad to see, by a late number of the paper, that the requisite amount has been raised, and the parents and child made happy by the assurance that they are not to be parted. In announcing the result, the *Journal* says: "So far as we are aware, not a dollar of this sum has come from an Abolitionist, or any person belonging to that family or neighbourhood." No doubt, this is true. We will venture to say that no Abolitionist ever did, or ever will, contribute anything for the purchase of a slave, in answer to an appeal from the *Journal of Commerce*. They are only too glad to leave the entire burden of any case that is strong enough to excite what little there may be of humane and kind feeling in that paper and its readers, upon them, knowing very well that such cases could hardly appeal in vain to anything that is civilized enough to wear a pocket. The *Journal* and its friends, moreover, have just enough remains of a conscience left to recognise the fact that they are without that, sometimes, inconvenient part of a whole man, and they strive to appease the consequent sense of emptiness by occasionally giving an atom from their abundance, towards redeeming some one poor creature from the bondage in which they do their best to hold three millions. It is the redemption of the three millions that the Abolitionists devote their means and their energies, and, having created a public sentiment which both marks the necessity and the opportunity of extending relief to individual cases, they are not so cruel as to deprive such people as the *Journal of Commerce* folks of the chance of an occasional show of humanity, even if it were not good cause of rejoicing that even this little could be got out of them for the good cause.

PARDON OF THE CUBAN PRISONERS.—The last steamer from Europe brings the intelligence of the pardon of all the American prisoners taken in the Lopez invasion of Cuba. The *Madrid Gazette* of the 11th Dec. says:

> The reply of the Government of the United States to the demands of Her Majesty's Government has arrived by extraordinary dispatch. The frank and honourable manner in which the Federal Government has conducted itself on this occasion, by admitting that an insult was made to the Spanish flag by a seditious populace, by appreciating it in the same terms as the Government of her Majesty, and by offering to the latter all reparations, just, honourable, and possible for the two countries, has induced Her Majesty to declare herself perfectly satisfied on the affair, and to order the publication in the *Madrid Gazette* of the note addressed by Hon. Daniel Webster, Secretary of Foreign Affairs of the United States, to M. Angel Calderon de la Barca, Minister Plenipotentiary of Her Majesty at Washington. Having obtained such a satisfactory result, and the Queen, our sovereign, desiring to give to the respectable President of the United States, and to the people of the Confederation, a testimony of her friendly disposition, has condescended, by a spontaneous act of her royal clemency, to grant a pardon to all such prisoners made in the last expedition against the Isle of Cuba, as are citizens of those States, whether they be already in Spain, undergoing the punishments they have incurred, or whether they be still in Cuba. Finally, Her Majesty, to give a testimony of her royal esteem to M. Angel Calderon de la Barca, her Minister Plenipotentiary in the United States, for the effort he has made to terminate this important affair happily, has designed to nominate him Grand Cross of the Order of Charles III.

KOSSUTH'S APPEARANCE AND RACE.—A New York correspondent of *Frederick Douglass' Paper*, whom we presume to be Dr. McCune Smith, thus speaks of the personal appearance of Kossuth, and comments upon his origin:

> There is nothing remarkable in the *physique* of Kossuth in ordinary, except that sort of universal or type countenance which puzzles you with the conviction that he looks like several men whom you are well acquainted with but cannot recall. This is true of the physical appearance of many great men. But, Kossuth inspired, is grand indeed, beyond ordinary great men. But the fun of it is, that Kossuth, the idol of the American nation, *is not a white man*. He is not a Caucasian, and, thank God, he is not an Anglo-Saxon. Put that in your pipe and smoke it! Confessedly the greatest man in Christendom is not a white man. His complexion is swarthy, between a mulatto and a quadroon. His form of skull is peculiar. His forehead is neither high, nor perpendicular; but the perceptive faculties are full without projecting. The greatest height of skull is just before the ear: he has not what Phrenologists call concentration or self-esteem. But the domestic and home love faculties he has enormously developed, along with the very great breadth of skull between the ears. His nose is so common, as to account for the fact, physiognomically, that he did not, *nolens volens*, take the dictatorship, and free Hungary and Austria at a blow. Bonaparte or Jackson, in April, 1849, would have done for Francis Joseph & Co. I said he is not a Caucasian. He is by blood a Mongol; and therefore, according to Ethnography, belongs to the second best race of mankind. Moreover, he is a Sclave, not a Magyar. And Sclaves are the race from whose condition the word Slave has been Anglicised.

☞ A EUROPEAN CORRESPONDENT of the *Express* mourns over the fact that the *jeu d'esprit* of the *Boston Commonwealth*—the reply of Hulseman to Webster, which we copied some weeks ago—is going over the Continent as an authentic document. It was reported as such, he says, in several of the London papers, was copied into *Galignani*, and is now translated into the *Debats*. So well done was it, so full of truth, and so palpable a hit, that the *Express* itself, we remember, was by no means certain, when it copied it, that the document was not authentic. It is not strange that French and English papers should make a similar mistake, though we do not at all wonder that citizens of the boasted republic abroad, should be mortified at the truths it tells of us.

FEMALE PHYSICIANS.—The first public Commencement of the Female Medical College of Philadelphia took place, in that city, on the 30th ultimo. The names of the graduates are given as follows: Hannah E. Longshore, Philadelphia; Anna M. Longshore, Bucks County, Pa.; Angenette A. Hunt, New York; Mrs. Martha M. Sawin, Boston, Mass.; Ann Preston, Phebe Way, Susannah H. Ellis, Chester County, Pa.; Mrs. Frances G. Mitchell, Philadelphia, late of England.

Of the class now attending the College the Majority are from Pennsylvania. Three, however, are from this State, two from New Jersey, one from Virginia, and one from Ohio.

Many persons who are above suspicion, on the general question of Woman's Rights admit the propriety of women being physicians. Not only are there certain branches of practise into which men should never, except in extreme cases, be admitted, but it might be argued that as most cooks, in this country, are women, and have, therefore, a great deal to do with killing the body in one way, it is no more than fair that they should be permitted to kill or cure, as the case may be, in another. But to most people, except to very old women of both sexes, the propriety of the medical profession being filled by women as well as men, will be too obvious for any argument.

☞ THE first No. of the *Pennsylvania Freeman* for the New Year comes out in an enlarged dress, having outgrown the smaller one in which it has hitherto been clothed. No better evidence could be given of its prosperity, and from that we may safely deduce, had we no other proof, the prosperity of the Cause in Pennsylvania. The *Freeman*, we believe, is one of the best supported, as well as one of the best, Anti-Slavery papers in the country, and its enlarged size will give its editor, Mr. Johnson, opportunity to show still more his ability, as well as make it a still more efficient instrument of the Agitation which Mr. Webster hoped to suspend on the same gallows with Castner Hanway.

☞ THE reader will understand the allusion made in the Congressional report to the recent speech of Mr. Giddings before an Anti-Slavery Society by turning to the article from the *Pennsylvania Freeman* on our first page.

Domestic Correspondence.

FROM OUR BOSTON CORRESPONDENT.

NO. XCV.

THE ARGUMENT.—*The Correspondent giveth the compliments of the season—To whom and under what circumstances—Stated Preaching—Stolen Preaching—New Year's Day—Here and in New York—The Institution in danger—Taxation without Representation—The Correspondent concludeth his account of the Plymouth Meeting—He chideth the fanatics—Attack on M. Kossuth—Remote philanthropy—Mr. Phillips—Incomprehensible contumacity—The new Party—The candidates and their prospect of success—A Miraculous Mansion—A Comfortable and Strengthening Season—The Departure—Steam and Broomsticks—Celebration of Pilgrim Society—How celebrated—Aquatic novelties—Their effect—A new Exodus—The Success of the Bazaar—Adverse circumstances—The Correspondent remonstrateth and instructeth—Enigmatic Unpopularity—Political Economy—Judicial Blandness—Injudicious Addresses—Cutting and Carving of M. Kossuth—Mr. Phillips again—A new Exhibition—The Old Jail—Interesting spots—The only historical part—Mr. Garrison's night in Leverett street.—Mr. Foster's—Pursuit of Constables and Judges under difficulties, &c., &c., &c.*

BOSTON, Jan. 5, 1852.

A Happy New Year and many of them to you and your readers! To the latter it cannot be otherwise than happy if they read, perpend and profit by their *Standard*—the more especially if they subscribe and *pay* for it. With the advantage of Stated Preaching every week, the lack of which was so feelingly deplored by Mr. Benjamin F. Butler when sojourning in the Sandy Valley, they cannot fail to grow in grace and in favour with God, however it may be with Man—particulary, if they do not "*steal their preaching*," as it is called in these parts. However, we had rather they should steal it than go without it entirely. We prefer to be paid for our wares, but had rather let our neighbours help themselves than go hungry, when there is such a table spread in the wilderness. Our New Year's Day was an unusually wet and disagreeable one. This was of less consequence to us than to you, inasmuch as the custom of universal visiting has never been successfully grafted upon our hereditary stock of habitudes, though it has been often attempted. Possibly, there may be some falling off in the fierce enthusiasm of your New Year's visitations, if the ladies persisted in the scheme, it was said they meant to adopt for the replenishment of the Kossuth treasury, viz., mulcting every creature in coat and pantaloons in the sum of one dollar. Some enemy to the institution must have done this. I doubt whether even the Union of these States could stand such an assault, if rigorously persisted in. Even cookies and punch, I fear, must have been a drug in the market, if a decree had indeed gone forth that all the world should be taxed in this perfunctory manner.

When I wrote you last I was at Plymouth, celebrating the landing of the Pilgrims with the Old Colony Anti-Slavery Society. You will hardly expect me to give you a detailed account of the proceeding, after the lapse of a fortnight. It is sufficient to say the brief sketch I gave you of the beginning of things would answer to describe them, as continued and ended. They were marked by the same lack of judgment and rash want of consideration for the best feelings of the community, for which the Abolitionists have been so long and so justly blamed by those best entitled to judge of such matters. Even poor M. Kossuth did not escape their omniverous jaws, but was crunched up without mercy. Messrs. Garrison, Quincy and Phillips indulged in a strain of remark, in the evening, which must have been deeply painful to that class of world-wide philanthropists who are earnest for the deliverance of the bodies and the salvation of the souls of suffering men, provided they live far enough off. Particularly, Mr. Phillips made a speech of a full hour long, which was anything but in harmony with the prevailing enthusiasm for "the great Magyar." What these persons expect to gain by such contumacious courses, is best known to themselves. It is certainly not conciliatory, nor calculated to obtain for them the praises of newspapers, or the votes of electors. Though, to be sure, two of these individuals, Messrs. Phillips, and Quincy, *did* have two votes for Governor and Lieut. Governor, respectively, at the last election. But, still, I cannot think their conduct of a nature to swell their party into a majority—at least, immediately. These things are hard for free and enlightened citizens of "our glorious republic," as M. Kossuth justly styles us, to comprehend. And I do not pretend to be more knowing than my neighbours.

That night, again, a multitude that no man could number, repaired to the hospitable mansion of the President of the Society, which seemed to be like unto the Tent in the Fairy tale, that could shelter any number of guests from a pair to an army. Here we again refreshed ourselves with a brief season of solemn communion. It was a strengthening and edifying occasion. The next morning, at a preternaturally early hour, we were whirled away through the air by the Old Colony cars as swiftly, and almost as magically (were we not so nse to it), as if we had bestrode the nocturnal broom-sticks of our pious ancestresses. We were kindly urged to remain and assist at the Celebration of the Pilgrim Society, which was solemnized that day with feasting and dancing—divertisements which, if not particularly in accordance with the notions of the Fathers, seem to have been eminently so with those of the Sons. But this we were denied by Fate and the unaccomodatingness of the Old Colony Railway Company, which would afford no *extra* accommodations. The Celebration was primitive in one respect, at least. It was held without the use of wine or strong drink. Whether this was done in commemoration of the distresses of two hundred years ago, when our worthy progenitors lamented, among other privations, that they were sorely scant of good liquor, or whether it was in compliance with the innovations of "those coster-monger times," I leave to the consideration of the curious. I am assured, however, that there was no lack of "cheerful wisdom or instructive mirth," notwithstanding that the thinness of the potations had driven to strange cities, for a due observance of the day, some of the most prominent members of the Society.

The Bazaar closed with brilliant success. The receipts were about as large as last year, which, considering the circumstances, was doing better than ever. The circumstances to be considered are, the novelty of the place, it being a good deal more aside from the common walks of purchasers than Faneuil Hall, and the events of the past year, which have not tended to make Abolitionists and Anti-Slavery more popular than usual. The hindrances which have been put in the way of the Salvation of the Union in the cases of those traitors Shadrach and Sims, the intemperate language which has been indulged in, and the vituperative epithets applied to those admirable citizens, Commissioners Curtis and Hallet, Mayor Bigelow and his patriotic Alderman, the heroic Tukey, Marshals Devens, Sawyer and Pat Riley, the Sims Brigade, and even the Godlike Daniel himself, have not conciliated the favour of the purchasing classes to a great extent. I can hardly tell how it is, but the Abolitionists do not seem to grow any more popular as years roll away. And what is odd, too, everybody is as much opposed to Slavery as they are, and yet are more and more opposed to them The fault must be in their temper and manners. In fact, it is perfectly clear that the Abolitionists are all that stand in the way of instant Emancipation. But as it is quite impossible to make them believe it, the Anti-Slavery politicians and Doctors of Divinity must struggle on against them as well as they can. The great safety of the Bazaar lies in the laws of Political Economy, which will send people to buy what they want where they can get it cheapest and best. As long as the Bazaar is furnished with such valuable and curious commodities as load its tables, there will be found people enough to take them off.

But the Managers of the Bazaar seem to partake of the judicial blindness which I have had to lament as affecting Abolitionists generally. As if the circumstances I have alluded to were not sufficient to make their ends and means odious to the orderly and respectable classes (I mean, of course, the classes that have the most money to spend), they must needs go and have Addresses in the evenings from some of the most impracticable and uncomfortable persons they could find. Besides the usual denunciations of all that we hold dear, poor M. Kossuth was again served up. Mr. Wendell Phillips, not satisfied with one assault upon him, made two; he not only cut, but came again. To be sure, he carved him like a dish fit for the gods, if they like it, after it is carved His speech has been published in the *Liberator*, and a large number of *extras* struck off, so that this new heresy may be as widely divulged as possible. I cannot suppose that you will be so lost to all sense of prudence and propriety as to reprint it, too. However, notwithstanding these and similar indiscretions, the Bazaar was very successful. It seems to have established itself among our Domestic Institutions, and to be recognised as such. What with those who go for the love of the cause, and those who are willing to do something for it, provided it can be done without compromising themselves, and those who *will* have pretty things at reasonable prices, even if Abolitionism itself deals them out, it is always pretty sure of doing well.

For the last week we have had a new sort of Exhibition here. The City having erected a new jail (not before it was wanted), the old one has been open for examination, and troops of curious inquirers have visited it for the sake of the interesting associations connected with it. As for example, there was Professor Webster's Cell, that of the famous pirates, and the spot where they were hanged, respectively. Among the visitors, however, there were some who went to see the only really historical part of it. I mean the cell in which Mr. Garrison was put on the famous night of October, 1835, to save him from the patriotic hands of Boston merchants, some of whom still walk State Street, with coats and credits in various degrees of repair. To this cell one of the Justices of the Police Court came to him, the next morning (it being unsafe to take him before the court), to discharge him. Here it was, too, that Stephen Foster spent the night when he was sent to jail by the A. S. Convention of ministers and church-members, he being rightfully a member. And hence it was that he had his famous chase through the streets after the constable, who in vain endeavoured to outrun him, and having captured him, insisted on being taken before the Court; he again found a Judge almost as hard to catch as an officer. If anybody wants to know what New Organization means, we can point them to that Convention as a Specimen.—D. Y.

Communications.

RIGHTS OF MAN......No. I.

BY WM. PETTIS CHAMPLIN.

THE LOVE and DESIRE of PERSONAL LIBERTY is an innate feeling of the human mind, manifested in all periods and phases of human existence—in infancy, childhood, youth, manhood, and old age—and alike pertains to all of the different nations and races of mankind.

Infantile years around the domestic altar and firesids, the seasons of joyous and happy childhood—youthful maturity, with its bright hopes and visions of the future—manhood, with its towering energies sublime—and venerable age, whitened by the frost of Time—among the people of every nation and every clime, from ice-bound Greenland on the North to the Shetland's frozen regions of the Antarctic pole—from the Indies of the East to the Indies of the West—the inhabitants of all the isles of the ocean, the whole population of the five grand divisions of our globe, each and every intelligent being of this mighty mass, savage and civilized, enslaved and enlightened, individually feels this INNATE DESIRE of LIBERTY and PERSONAL RIGHTS springing forth from the inmost fountain of their souls, in every varied condition and circumstance of life.

In presenting to the readers of the *Standard* a series of articles on the all-important subject of HUMAN RIGHTS, the author of this communication will be under the necessity of assuming the character of a political writer, hoping, in his humble efforts, to open the eyes of the intelligent portion of community in whose minds there exists a dark and baneful prejudice against nearly every distinct race of humanity but their own—who have ever looked down with coldness and apathy upon the efforts of every true friend of HUMAN FREEDOM, whose energies of mind and soul are devoted to the elevation of a PEOPLE and a RACE who have ever been held in hopeless and cruel bondage ever since the organization of the American Republic.

To men of such minds as here described, these articles are respectfully dedicated. I do not write to acquire public applause, to win golden opinions from the learned, to gain literary fame and notoriety, but as a young, ardent and zealous advocate of the RIGHTS OF MAN.

When I say the RIGHTS OF MAN, I mean not one MAN, or a particular class of MEN, but the WHOLE universal family of MAN.

Independence of thought and sentiment will characterize all that I shall offer upon this subject; and consequently I shall not heed the voice of popular opinion, or bow down to any idols in human form, but set the opinions of the world, mankind and human society at defiance. The moment that an author or writer acknowledges the supremacy of the voice of popularity—the moment that he submits his writings to the fiery ordeal of criticism—that moment he becomes the slave of the multitude, and sets the tender sensibilities of his mind on the fires of hell.

Humanity as it exists is divided into five distinct individual races of men. They are known by naturalists and ethnologists as the Caucasian race, the Mongolian race, the Malay race, the American race, and the African race. Each of these individual races of mankind are entirely distinct and independent of each other, or, in other words, they possess a distinct INDIVIDUALITY; neither race, individually, being dependent on the others for the necessities to sustain life; all and each race being endowed respectively by the Great Author of Nature with the same physical form; mental peculiarities and intellectual powers developed in a greater or less degree, according to the circumstances of civilization, education and improvement.

For either one of these races of men to usurp and sustain a dominant authority over the others, denying them the physical privileges of accumulating property for their own benefit, the political rights of choosing their own rulers and making their own laws, the social privileges of sustaining the relationship of FATHERS and MOTHERS, SONS and DAUGHTERS—destroying the sacred ties of human families, and consigning them to endless labour, toil and degradation—leading them to the auction-block, and exposing them for sale in the towns, villages and cities, by tens and fifties—chaining noble men and women to the stake, and lashing their naked forms with whips and thongs of leather, should they breathe the word FREEDOM—causing them to labour, in fields of ceaseless toil, from sunrise to sunset—taking away the avails of their labour, and allowing them nothing in return—certainly must appear to the mind of the philanthropist, the lover of mankind, the advocate of Human Freedom and all rational, God-created intelligence, as down-right tyranny and cruelty in their most heart-rending and damnable form! No rational man will attempt to say that such usurpation and cruelty is just and right, or that it is in perfect accordance with the laws of Nature, Reason, Conscience and God. To consign one individual race of men to a doom like this is a libel on Humanity, a cruelty that would disgrace fiends incarnate, a barbarity that the savages of the wilds might emulate. I am well aware that human nature is endowed with so much selfishness that it is hard to feel the wrongs, woes and agonies of others, much less their rights and liberties. It was hard for the inhabitants of a fast-anchored isle of the Atlantic ocean, seventy-five years ago, to think that a people of their own race should have the natural rights and liberties of mankind. It was hard for a ruler of Hapsburg royal house, two years ago, to grant free suffrage and equality to the different races of the Hungarian nation. It is hard at the present day for the Americo-Caucasian race to acknowledge the natural rights and liberties of the sable African. What is natural in the father is natural in the son; and what is natural in the individual is natural in the race. The Mongolian has no right to seize the person of the Malay, and make him his slave; neither has the Malay any right to seize the Mongolian and doom him to perpetual Slavery. What is right and just in one individual of one race is right and just in that of another; and what is not right and just in one is not right and just in the other. Hence the same rule may be applied, with the same propriety, to the African, the Caucasian and the American. The African has no right or authority to seize the person and property of the Caucasian and consign him and his descendants to a state of interminable bondage; neither has the Caucasian the right to seize the person and property of the African, and make him and his descendants slaves: and the same rule may be applied to the olive-complexioned Malay, the swarthy Mongolian and the copper-coloured American.

If the Caucasian race are born "free and equal" and have the right and liberty to "pursue" and "obtein" happiness, the same self-existent right has the American, the Mongolian, the Malay and the African, and all other races of men.

If it is objected "that there is a degree of mental inferiority on the part of one race that will necessarily subject them to bondage and dependence on another," I answer that in the laws of God, of human society and of social life, there is no such thing. Deity never instituted in the moral reign of his government on earth that one human being should be deprived of his natural rights and liberty by one who is his superior in intelligence, merely on the ground of intellectual superiority of the latter over the former, because this would be an abuse of the power of intelligence. The assertion in and of itself is a plain contradiction of the laws of Nature, and of Humanity and Justice, and is widely at variance with the present state and past history of mankind. Does the Indian of the American forest need become a bondman and a slave because he does not possess the intellectual powers of a Webster or a Clay? Does he not live an independent existence in his native wilds without being a slave to a superior race? If he and his race were enslaved, would they possess the liberty to acquire knowledge and intelligence? Carry out this principle, then, and the social fabric of republican governments would fall! there would be a learned aristocracy, an enslaved people, both in the white and coloured races; the foreign emigrant, if ignorant when he landed on our shores, would be a slave and vassal; in a word, the feudal ages would be again established in the Nineteenth Century; and 'the more ignorant the man, the better the slave,' would be the golden motto of the age. Ignorance in any portion of humanity is no just and adequate motive why that portion or part should be deprived of their natural and constitutional rights.

Should it be again objected "that the enslavement of a particular race is sometimes necessary to secure the unity and perpetuity of a nation," I answer, if a nation's harmony and existence are based on such a claim, let that nation fall. From its ruins let there be one built, whose foundation shall be based upon the broad principles of EQUALITY TO EVERY RACE, and FREEDOM TO ALL MANKIND.

No nation can be a great, prosperous, and, in a truthful sense, Free people, whose constitution and government prohibit a just system of EQUAL RIGHTS to all the different races of mankind over whom it exercises its legislative power. To deny one race of people under its jurisdiction their sacred and inalienable rights is Tyranny in its worst and blackest form! It is a libel in the sight of Heaven, a lie in the sight of God, and a treason against humanity.

I ask and demand nothing more of the American government, of the statesmen and legislators of my nation, than what Kossuth, the Hungarian patriot, who has now landed upon our shores as an exile, asked and demanded of the Austrian government, and that is only one of "The Three Things," "*That every inhabitant of my country, without regard to language or religion* (*or complexion*), *should be free and equal before the law—all classes* having the same *privileges and protection of the law*." When I say law, I do not mean the protection of the lower law, that consigns a man to a state of Slavery, but I mean the law of the DIVINE ETERNAL—a law that He, in His wise administration of His moral government, declares all men, of whatsoever class or condition, FREE and EQUAL—a law written in the hearts and minds and consciences of men—a law that is supreme, eternal and unchangeable in its nature as its Divine Author—a law written in the order and harmony of Creation's realm, in all the moral governments and actions of mankind, "That whatsoever you would have men do unto you, that do you unto them."

I now take leave of this part of my subject. The argument that I have presented on the NATURAL RIGHTS and EQUALITY of the different RACES of Mankind is one that I consider as being insurmountable and unanswerable, and I leave all Whigites, Hunkerites and all other ites to get around it the best way they can.

FARMERSVILLE, Dec. 10th, 1851.

LETTER FROM J. A. BURR.

LUDLOWVILLE, Dec. 29, 1851.

FRIEND GAY: Our little quiet nook and corner of "the Valley of Dry Bones" has been very much perturbed and agitated of late by the appearance among us of those "disturbers of the peace," turning the world upside down, "Intermeddlers," "Factionists," "Heretics," "Garrisonians," &c., &c., viz. Mrs. *Abbey Kelly Foster* and *Miss Sallie Holley*. Their near approach was heralded a few days previous, which caused many of these *Bones* to shrink away in despair, rather than have life infused into them by "*Infidels*;" and more than that, by "*women*." But when the *Prophetesses* arrived, and breathed upon them the breath of *Anti-Slavery life*, they were brought to life, "their prejudices conquered," sitting at the feet of *Anti-Slavery*, clothed and in their right minds, with a teachable spirit, entirely forgetting apparently that the *oracle* was a woman, *who is so soon to supercede* the stronger sex, in the plans of honour and trust, in the *Moral*, *Religious* and *Political* world, "*in the good time coming*." But I am digressing; these two noble women who have forsaken house and friends, taken their lives in their hands, gone out without scrip or purse, counting their lives not dear to them, in imitation of the Apostles, held a number of meetings in this section, *preaching radical Anti-Slavery doctrines* to large and deeply attentive audiences, without any opposition, excepting, now and then, some of the "lower Law Divines," who preach for filthy lucre, and are afraid if the true Gospel triumphs, they will lose their *Bread* and *Butter*. They quake and tremble, "for their time is short," and their occupation will soon be gone, viz., sewing *pillows under people's arm holes*, calling good evil, and evil good; saying, thus saith the Lord, when he has not spoken, putting Light for darkness, and darkness for light; willing to preach obedience to the Fugitive Slave Law, or any other, if concocted in the *lower regions*, if it but suits their seemingly selfish interests; aye, even to the sending of their *own mothers* into the Pit of American bondage, as I understand one of the *clergy* in this section did give utterance to such a sentiment, revolting as it is—and only the echo *of another at that*. But you may be assured that this Rev. Fugitive *maternal* slave law maintainer was in good hands while writhing under the chastening rod of *Mrs. Foster*, who kills but to make alive again, who meet out to him those severe rebukes which he so richly deserved. Unfortunately, *Mrs. A. K. Foster* was hurried away by her husband's illness, before her work was fairly commenced in this Village. Happily she left a glorious co-labourer in her place, *Miss Sallie Holley*, who is a workman not needing to be ashamed, and who, it would seem, means not to be eclipsed in her consecration and devotion to the cause of the poor stricken ones of God, wearing a sable hue. Her gifts for entertaining an audience are almost matchless, and they will receive most unpalatable truths, when clothed in the dulcet tones of her voice, when if it comes like the rough unhewn Rock from the mountain side, they will let it pass, to spend its force upon more impressable objects. They have provoked a good degree of interest in this section upon the all important subject, and I trust it will not be lost, like good seed upon stony ground, but upon good ground bearing an hundred fold, to the hastening of the day of Emancipation. It is desirable that these friends should return to this section, and finish the work they have so gloriously commenced, for the fields are white and ready for the harvest, even through the State of New York—and a great want of labourers is felt, to gather in the ripe grain of *Anti-Slavery*. Yours for the progress of truth and slaves redemption.

J. A. BURR.

LETTER FROM PARKER PILLSBURY.

WEST WINFIELD, 29th Dec., 1851.

DEAR FRIEND GAY: A recent No. of the *Albany State Register*, a portly, prosperous-looking Whig paper, contains the following timely and devout caution to its readers, against our alarming heresies and treason. As there is, and was, in the *Standard*, an important error of the types in one of the Resolutions, and as they are a pretty full avowal of our Anti-Slavery infidelity, taken together, perhaps you will have no objection to a publication of the *Register's* whole article; as well the Resolutions as the rest:

> THE "ATROCIOUS BARGAIN."—A parcel of *The Evening Journal's* "unholy compact" disciples have been holding a Convention recently in Herkimer county. PARKER PILLSBURY was the chief speaker, and the burden of his speech was the denunciation of the Christian Churches and the Constitution of the country. Tom Paine is entirely thrown into the shade by these "new lights," and his language is mildness itself compared with theirs. Infidelity of the rankest kind may bow its head as tame and innoxious alongside of modern Abolitionism.
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> The following amplification of *The Evening Journal's* platform, was adopted:
>
> Resolved, That whatever our Government may have been in its origin, it is now a conspiracy against law and liberty—a great and wholesale act of treason and rebellion against the only rightful sovereign of the Universe—supporting a slave system, with all its civil and military powers, such as has scarcely a parallel in ancient or modern depravaties; with a law for the return of fugitive slaves which bids all the laws of heaven defiance—which reverses the conditions of salvation—which commands what God forbids and abhors—which forbids and punishes that which God has commanded, and that on which he has hung the salvation of the world—a law which it is a sin not to despise and disobey at every hazard, though such disobedience should sunder all the Unions and Governments man ever made, blot out all the Constitutions he ever framed, and shiver to dust all the Churches he ever organized.
>
> Resolved, That man has no right to form any union or confederacy, the basis or condition of which shall be that one part of the people shall have the right to inflict injury, and especially such terrible injury as Slavery, on another part, and on their children after them—thus dooming and devoting one class, numbering, as in this country, its millions of innocent victims to perpetual torment for the benefit of the rest of the nation.
>
> Resolved, That such were the conditions on which the American Union was formed, and on such terms is it continued—and we therefore, as the friends of justice and righteousness, pronounce it an unholy compact, not to be prolonged, no matter what good proceeds from it, but to be abandoned, no matter what consequences follow—because there is a government beyond all human constitutions, a law higher than all human enactments—and to that law and government we owe an allegiance which can never be nullified or broken by any designs or devices, by any acts or authorities of man, either in an individual or a national capacity.

The first Resolution is a plain, perhaps bold, declaration that the Law of God is to be observed and obeyed, regardless of what becomes of human Constitutions, Compacts or Governments. Pretty bold Infidelity that! The second asserts that men have no right to seize and bind a large portion of their neighbours, who are guiltless of all crimes, down to terrible bondage, to perfect beastiality, and their children after them forever, to promote their own good, and the good of their country. The third Resolution declares (what we have been told a thousand times, by men of all parties); that such was a condition on which the American Union was formed; and that only on such a condition is it continued; and that it ought to be abandoned, *because* there is a Government beyond all human Constitutions, and a law higher than all human enactments, to which we owe an allegiance that can never be nullified or broken.

And this is Infidelity which throws "Tom Paine entirely into the shade." Common infidelity, though of the "rankest kind, may bow its head as tame and innoxious, alongside of it." The pious sensibilities of the solemn *State Register* are shocked at it. Will it not put sackcloth on its loins, and sit down in ashes, at such appalling blasphemy?

The Hebrew poet tells of a certain character who said in his heart, "There is no God." What would he say of those who admit that there is a God, but deny that he has any government?—who enthrone him only to sign and sanction *human* enactments, not even allowing him the *veto* power. There is a somewhat numerous class of this kind of persons, including, with the *State Register*, a goodly number of Reverend Divines, and Doctors Divine; and a little less, perhaps, than three millions baptized converts, *commonly called* Christians. These all assure us that there is a God, beyond all doubt; notwithstanding the Psalmist heard it denied. But then they tell us that he is a God *without any government*; that he sits enthroned above, waiting the good pleasure of Congress, and ready to sign any laws which that holy assemblage enacts, unless the President veto them; and then he superadds, most accommodatingly, his veto also—but never otherwise I hope the Psalmist will not call these persons by any such reproachful epithets as he did those who denied that there is any God at all. For I suppose a God such as this must be far better than none. At least, we have the authority of the whole American Church for so believing.

One man denies the Divine Existence. He has been called a "Fool" for now almost three thousand years. Recently, he is called something worse. Another proclaims that there is a God, and that having made the world and its varied contents, the *Albany State Register's* editor even, with the rest, and having all to maintain and look after, and being desirous to secure the very best good of all, he has, in virtue of these considerations at least, *some right to a voice* in the government. Such an extravagant idea, the *Register* assures us, "throws Tom Paine entirely into the shade." Some of us have even gone so far as to believe and assert, that since God made all, maintains all, upholds all, is over all, and older, and wiser, and greater than all, that he is therefore the only rightful Sovereign and Governor of all, and that his enactments should be obeyed regardless of all human laws or limits, acts or authorities. But for such blasphemy as this, the *Register* has no forgiveness! His anathemas mount into the high heroic. He absolves all former "Infidelity of the rankest kind," and graciously proclaims it "*tame and innoxious*" alongside of this. The so-long-dreaded-Paine, is no longer *Tom*, but St. Thomas. And from this time, probably, we shall have churches dedicated to St. Voltaire and St. Gibbon; while St. Peter and St. John, who once uttered similar blasphemy to ours, will be uncalendered as saints, unfrocked as apostles and ministers, and unchurched as Christians.

One word in seriousness. The *Register's* article needs no more, and deserves not that. These Resolutions are religiously true or false. If false, Christ was an imposter, and his apostles liars. If true, the *Albany State Register* and the mass of American so-called Christians, of whom it is but the echo, are the legitimate descendants of the court and council who sent those holy men to a martyr's cross and a martyr's crown, for declaring "we ought to obey God rather than man."

We are still in the county of Herkimer. Nothing has transpired since my last of more than ordinary interest. We had a meeting at Newville, on Sunday afternoon and evening, that gladdened the hearts of all the friends of humanity. The church and minister did their utmost to defeat us, but most signally failed. They even went as far (ministers and all, we are told), as to *break the Sabbath*, by visiting at places where it was probable the families would attend our meeting, in order to keep them at home. When Mrs. Foster was there a short time since, a godly woman delicately denounced her as "a *blackleg*," and warned the people to beware of her. On Sunday afternoon an aged member of the Church, and a polished stone in the temple of the Liberty Party, rose and "rebuked us sharply before all the people," and solemnly warned them never to attend our meetings more. But it was of no avail. In the evening, the meeting was much larger than ever, and the word seemed clothed with power. The best members of the church constrained us to visit them again before leaving the county, and contributed generously to our Treasury to help the Cause along. The weather has been frightfully cold and stormy, but we have found warm work and warm hearts.

Yours from the battle-field,

Parker Pillsbury.

[FOR THE A. S. STANDARD.]

Several years ago, I read a very impressive story of a man, who had come up into maturity of life with an experience of sorrow, which, in this world, with the imperfection of our human character, is not very unusual. He was skilled in all the learning of the schools. His mind was stored with the treasures of knowledge, and, though linked with the most tender and affectionate passages of his life, yet he wished to forget all his sorrows—to have no more remembrance of suffering—to have the tears of softened and pensive recollections wiped away forever. His wish was granted. All thought of his sorrows and sufferings departed. The gentle and tender sympathies of his soul dried up. The fountain of his emotional nature became sealed. As he ceased to be impressed by his own sorrow, he grew invulnerable to that of others. No amount of sickness, want, or woe, in others, ever moved him. His whole character became cold, hard and insensible. Manhood in the last stages of infirm old age, wretchedness and hapless poverty, he could regard with unfeeling mockery. The sight of woman, deserted, despairing and dying, never dimmed his eye. Infancy, in all its appealing helplessness, though steeped in the veriest dregs of poverty and sickness, had no power to awaken his tenderness. His very presence seemed to cast a hugh, dark shadow on all around. Wherever he went, sympathy, compassion, and feeling for the woes of others, withered or receded away. Whoever came within his influence, felt all their warm, living faith in the reality of goodness—in the blessedness of human affection—in the greatness of life—in the truth of heaven, suddenly chilled. They found all the tenderest gushings up of the soul's noblest sympathies instantly congealed.

In contrast with this character, the story introduced another, as unlike the first as bright golden sunshine is to blackest midnight. This was a woman, whose heart was the home of all that is true, beautiful and generous in human affection. She, too, had passed through the crucible of affliction, but had come out resplendant, with a quickened sensibility to the sorrows of others—with an enlarged tenderness toward all her race. She had found the "sweet uses of adversity." Her beaming benevolent expression was a perpetual benediction. All who came within her influence, were lifted up into a higher, holier life. Freed from the shackles of coarse selfishness, her life flowed out in loving sympathy on all around. Her benevolent nature was untiring in alleviating the distresses—in lightening the burdens of human life—in bringing to the unfortunate joy and gladness. Even the wicked had a sort of feeling that if they might but touch the hem of her garmment, they could be made better.

For years I had not thought of this story, when, the other day, it started forth in my mind, a living picture, as if freshly drawn to suit the characters of two individuals in whose company it was my fortune to be cast. These were ministers, living in neighbouring cities. In the course of my conversations with them, human Slavery and the Fugitive Slave Bill came up. The different influences these foul and monstrous wrongs exerted upon the two men were strikingly illustrative of their different sympathies and characters. As I sat in the speculative, grave and repulsive presence of the one, looking into his unmoved, dark face, and listened to his dismal talk, it seemed to me that faith in truth, love and goodness—faith in a higher life—in an Infinite Father—in a heavenly home, was giving place to cheerless doubtings, and atheistical questionings, as to whether, after all, Christianity and the Christian life were not a delusion—a mere extravagance—an idle enthusiasm? Whether it was not just as well for people to live on any how, without any reference to duty and spiritual improvement? Whether life really had a high moral purpose?

But I listened on to his talk, about 'Slavery being a Patriarchal Institution;' and of his 'not knowing whether it was best to be wiser than Abraham,' and his not 'being certain but that involuntary servitude was designed for a part of the human race;' of the great duty of our reverencing the Fugitive Slave Bill, as long as it is a law of our government; and of Paul's sending back Onesimus as a slave for life; and of Jesus not particularly condemning the Roman Slavery of his time; and of the beauty and beneficence of the American Colonization Society, how much good it had done and is doing, and is to do; and his informing me that *I* could not remove all the evils of this world at once; and announcing that *he* had not the temerity to disturb the great social fabric of our nation; and then his closing off with a bewildering peroration upon the civil government of our country.

As I found myself breathing the pure moral atmosphere that surrounded the other, and which his presence seemed to create,—human life assumed new and fresh value—beamed out with a greater attraction—with a diviner radiance. The sacred fires of benevolence were continually burning on the altar of his heart, and his countenance was ever lighted with their glow. All the good desires, better resolutions and holier aims of the soul, receiving a fresh and strong impulse. As I listened to his exalted conversation about the sacredness of humanity—the divine laws of God—the great moral purposes of life, and saw the holy sincerity of his expression as he exclaimed: "President Fillmore must needs catch and hang up the love of humanity—the sentiment of justice—the conscience of this people, before he can enforce the Fugitive Slave Bill, and that we must not spend all our efforts in simply hearing of the fidelity of Jesus, but we must earnestly seek to have our own fidelity increased and confirmed in all the responsibilities of life. "On the 31st of September, Jerry might have passed along the streets of Syracuse, an unnoticed and insignificant personage, but when on the 1st of October, an attempt was made to deprive him of his rights as a man, then, for the time being, there was no one in all that city, so important; there was a mighty throbbing of the public heart—an all but unanimous uprising against the outrage—and that we shall not meet with persecution, if we count it all joy"—he seemed to bring heaven near, touching the springs of spiritual life within and awakening a deeper purpose to lay hold of everlasting life, by a more entire consecration to the great moral movement of our age—the Anti-Slavery movement

The story alluded to was so vividly recalled by these two different characters, that it seemed like re-reading it, with illustrations; a sort of pictorial edition.

Sallie Holley.

Foreign Correspondence.

FROM OUR DUBLIN CORRESPONDENT.

Dublin, 19th December, 1851.

My dear Gay: I happened yesterday to meet, in one of our dailys, an article taken from *The New York Herald*, that tickled my fancy extremely. I think you must have seen it. But in case you have not, if I can get the paper I will send you a copy. It is headed the "Catholic Church and Archbishop Hughes," and must have been written by a Romish priest—very possibly by the most reverend would-be-cardinal himself. Its ostensible object is to magnify the Church and to minify the Archbishop, and throw him overboard as the leader, mouth-piece, and champion of "the faith" in the United States. The history of the Church in your country is declared to be one of extreme interest; her services in the council and on "the gory battle field" are enlarged upon; the settlement of Maryland and the complete religious toleration established there are referred to as a proof that there is nothing in the doctrines of the Church of Rome that leads to persecution, since nearly all the "other sects" have also persecuted; but that the union of Church and State must bear the whole blame. It is roundly asserted that the principal councillors and soldiers of your great revolution were Catholics, and that the Catholic citizens, unlike "the other sects," have always been true to "the compromises of the constitution" and have never taken part in the disastrous Anti-Slavery agitation, by which the country has been so much disturbed. This last, I believe, is not an unfounded assumption, and it is not unreasonable for the writer to claim for his church in the United States a steady front against all the assaults of the Abolitionists. His clergy amongst you (without any exception I have ever heard of) have minded the main chance in this particular, and, aiming chiefly at promoting their own interests (as far as heaven's and theirs are identical) have stuffed their ears with cotton wool, and remained as deaf as posts to all the cries of outraged justice, humanity and morality that continually come up from that Hell in the South. They will do their best "on the gory battle field;" they will help to sustain "the dome of that great edifice of many mansions founded by our forefathers on a rock of ages and cemented by our blood;" and like "good and true republicans," they will turn a bold front against all such mischievous men as "Garrison, Seward and Van Buren" (a curious trio!), as are known or suspected to be disloyal to the compromises of that Constitution on which the "rock of ages" aforesaid is established, which sustains that "dome" that is "cemented by our blood." I know in the presence of such awful ideas a reverend frame of mind should, if possible, be maintained. But in spite of all my efforts to the contrary, ridiculous comparisons will keep "crowding on my soul." I cannot help thinking of the House that Jack Built, or of that notable contrivance of the Hindoos who inform all candid enquirers that the world rests on the back of an elephant, which stands upon a tortoise, which stands upon nothing. I appeal to every unprejudiced mind whether the Dome (cemented by the blood of the writer in the *Herald* and others) which stands upon the Rock of Ages, which supports the Constitution, which is sustained by the Compromises, which are upheld by the faithful preservation, amplification, and eternalization of Slavery, is not of necessity on a very ricketty foundation. Moore used to compare the condition of Ireland, under Protestant ascendancy, to "a sugar loaf turned upside down." This is the state of the American Union just now. Three millions of Slaves form the apex of the inverted pyramid, and no wonder if "the Ship of State" spins round like a teetotum.

But I am forgetting the Morning *Herald*. The writer then takes Archbishop Hughes to task for the disgrace he brings upon the Church by his insolent advocacy of absolutism in Europe, and his libels on the most distinguished patriots of our time, Kossuth, Mazzini, and others. He is told that American Catholics, high-minded men, who are "faithful to the compromises of the Constitution," and lovers of a rational and well-cemented liberty, will stand no such talk. That the Archbishop is rendering the Church so unpopular, that the Catholics will go, and the Protestants must come. His "sentiments are subversive of the prosperity" of the Church—not suited to the present age, when the greatest statesmen of the freest and most enlightened people bend all their energies to strengthen the prop that supports the Constitution that stands on the "Rock of Ages," that is surmounted by "the dome of the great edifice of many mansions that was founded by our forefathers" and is "cemented by our blood." The writer says Archbishop Hughes' notions are more worthy of the benighted era of the middle centuries (when the Pope had it all his own way) than of these happy days.

I feel for the poor Archbishop. I have no doubt he did all for the best. At first he wrote a pamphlet to show that Republicanism and Popery were "hail fellows, well met." Now he writes and preaches the contrary doctrines, and maintains that no honest Pope would tolerate heresy in his own dominions or any body else's, if in his power to keep it out. In 1848, all the priests all over Europe were enthusiastic revolutionists; now they are much more strenuous and practical reactionists. In Ireland, they were all for repeal and (as far as they dared) for separation. But they left poor Mitchell and Smith O'Brien in the lurch; and none talk more lustily against republicanism and revolution than they do, though they growl as fiercely as ever against all efforts of the government to promote education or practically improve the condition of the people.

In my opinion, when the Archbishop was the flaming American patriot, as well as now, that he is the undisguised advocate of the Continental despots, he was acting in both cases with a single eye to the good of the Church, and was sailing as close to the wind as he could. In the first case, he knew that he had the people with him; in the next, he thought he held them so securely in his lead that they would be sure to follow him without question. He is merely a little out in his calculation, as many an honest man has been before him. If the prosperity of the Church is "his highest idea," he is right in following it out in all its requirements. In Europe, the priests as a body are with the despots everywhere. There are exceptions, simply because all priests cannot cease to be men. You have heard of the King of Naples' famous "Catechismo Filosofico," drawn up by some Jesuits, in which the passive obedience of subjects and the right of Kings to commit perjury are plainly laid down and made clear to the meanest capacity. One of the first acts of Louis Napoleon, in his recent infamous and bloody usurpation (in which he has been stoutly backed up by the Irish ultramontane journal, "*The Tablet*," and the French ultramontane "*Univers*"), was to make a present of the Pantheon in Paris to Mother Church, which just had been despoiled of it by the great Revolution, and afterwards by Louis Philippe. In Austria, in Bavaria, in all those German Catholic States where the Priests were heretofore held at bay, every thing is granted to them, and they are labouring steadily and heartily in their true vocations of treading out the ashes of liberty and free thought by every means in their power. The example of Maryland was very well as far as it went. The Roman Catholics of Maryland, as well as the Puritans of New England, were a small body flying from persecution, and they appear to have acted with much more sense and humanity in the toleration of people of different creeds than the Puritans did. I do not think an intelligent, educated Roman Catholic laity, in a free country, where the press is free, and all ways of thinking are untrammelled, are ever disposed to intolerance. It is from that tremendous corporation, the Priesthood, that danger is to be apprehended; and all history, all experience, shows that they will stop at nothing; they will assume every disguise in order to establish their influence, win confidence, and consolidate their power; and when that power is established, they tolerate no rival and brook no opposition. I have heard that the haughty, overbearing, tyrannical demeanour of the Preisthood in Ireland does not work well in America; that the free and enlightened citizens will not peaceably submit to be browbeat and horse-whipped; that they do not like to go to confession, and that after the first generation they very frequently forget to go to mass.

The hostility of the priesthood to European liberty is nothing remarkable. They are labouring in their vocation. If the press were free on the continent—if men could think as they pleased, and say what they thought—it would be a sorrowful thing for the clergy. The despots of Russia, Austria, France, and elsewhere, keep their priests and their police in pay for the single object of helping in putting down the press and free expression of opinion; the police and the army blow out the flames; the priests throw water on the sparks and tread out the ashes.

If they get the upper hand with you, they will treat you in like manner; and I feel greatly obliged to Archbishop Hughes for giving you such a foretaste of what you may expect. I wish he may be rewarded by a Cardinal's hat, which, in my humble opinion, he has most stoutly laboured for and richly earned.

Ever yours truly,

Richard D. Webb.

XXXIId CONGRESS.....First Session.

House of Representatives.

Washington....Tuesday, Dec. 30, 1851.

Mr. Carter moved that the House resolve itself into a Committee of the Whole on the State of the Union, for the purpose of considering a resolution that a Committee of Five be appointed by the Chair to wait on Louis Kossuth, on his arrival at the Capitol, and introduce him to the House.

He hoped that the House would permit him to say to the friends of the resolution that it does not contemplate any action of the Committee or the House in the opening of this Hall to any harangues, but simply to carry out an act of courtesy, the invitation of which has already been taken.

Mr. Bayley, of Va., would suggest that if the motion prevailed, the Committee cannot take up any resolutions except such as may have been referred to it.

Objection being made to going into Committee, Mr. Carter called for the Yeas and Nays, which were ordered—Yeas 104, Nays 50—so the House went into Committee of the Whole on the State of the Union, when

Mr. Carter, of Ohio, moved to take up the Kossuth resolution.

The Chairman decided that matters on the calendar must first be considered—these were laid aside, when

Mr. Carter moved that his resolution for the introduction of Kossuth be taken up.

The Chairman (Mr. Jones, of Tenn), decided that the resolution was not before the Committee, and in his opinion the Committee cannot originate bills or resolutions. The Committee had laid aside the business on the calendar and therefore there was nothing before it.

Mr. Carter appealed from the decision of the Chair.

The appeal, involving the question whether such a resolution can originate in a Committee of the Whole on the State of the Union was debated, and finally the question was taken and the decision of the Chair was overruled.

Mr. Carter then offered his resolution.

Mr. Bayley raised a point of order, that it provide for the appointment of a Committee by the Chair, and this could not be done by the Chairman of a Committee of the Whole on the State of the Union.

Mr. Carter modified his resolution recommending that the speaker appoint the Committee (much confusion throughout the proceedings).

Mr. Hale moved that the Committee rise. Disagreed.

Mr. Carter's resolution was now declared to be before the House.

Mr Stephens of Ga., raised a point of order to alter the seventh rule, so as to admit Kossuth to the floor of the House among the privileged persons already provided for. Rejected.

Mr. Venable offered an amendment that the Speaker be authorized to invite Louis Kossuth to a seat within the bar of the House, and in its support he referred to the rules to sustain him.

The Chairman said he would decide the resolution out of order had not the Committee just overruled his decision.

Mr. Stephens—Then we are in the midst of revolution [sensation]. Two amendments, one for the Speaker to wait on Kossuth and give him a cordial welcome, and introduce

Two other amendments were then proposed, one of which was for the Speaker to wait upon Kossuth and give him a cordial welcome and introduce him to the House, and another to alter the 7th rule so as to admit Kossuth to the floor of the House among the privileged persons already provided for, both of which were rejected.

Mr. Venable offered an amendment that the Speaker be authorized to invite Louis Kossuth to a seat within the bar of the House, and in its support he warmly expressed his dissent to such intervention as that proposed by Kossuth. Every man who has read Kossuth's speeches must be satisfied that if we assent to his principles there can be no stopping place. We should have to take upon ourselves the task of redressing the wrongs of Poland, Hungary, and every other nation which is down trodden by the iron heel of despotism. When Kossuth said non-intervention, he meant war in case Russia should not respect our declaration. He [Mr. Venable] was not prepared to involve his constituents in a war. While he felt for Hungary as well as for every other nation under the foot of despotism, and struggling for its proper position among the nations of the earth, he held to the policy that we may sympathize as individuals, but not manifest the sympathy of the Government. He rejoiced that he stood with the forty-seven who refused to congratulate the mushroom republic of France. All people who are entitled to liberty have it, and those who have not are like the prodigal who would not accept it. As a statesman and representative of the people, he could not consent to implicate this Government in foreign quarrels.

Mr. Carter hoped that the Committee would not enter into the discussion of matters collateral to the resolution. When he introduced the resolution, (he said), he did it merely, as a peaceful act of courtesy already made necessary by the previous action of the House and the nation. It was not for the purpose of bringing on this floor any element of discussion outside, but to extricate this body from any position which its previous action had made necessary. He therefore hoped that the resolution, out of courtesy merely, would now be passed.

Mr. Brooks, of N. Y., was understood to say that the House were about to make their marks, and he would give a translation to his vote. He did not mean to say in supporting this resolution that he meant to interfere with foreign affairs. He could pay a political compliment to a political guest, but he did not mean to pay it in behalf of the Government. He cherished in his bosom a deep and warm love, not only for the cause in which Mazzini, Garabaldi and Kossuth are engaged, but ardently wished their success. In the course of his remarks he said they saw the gentleman from Ohio (Mr. Giddings), with his keen eightedness bringing peace resolutions into this Hall, and denouncing all who will not join the peace societies, now rising here in favour of war with all creation, advocating liberty for all races, colours and degrees, including those of our country. But he (Mr. Brooks) would not take his candle and walk among the powder magazines of all mankind and rejoice in the general explosion. The duty of a good citizen and a good legislator was to attend to our own affairs and household. If we establish as a principle of this Congress that the Government has a right to interfere in behalf of Hungary or any portion of the world, we would be told that there are millions of human beings in Slavery, and that the most horrible form of it is chattel bondage. It would be urged that the Potomac should be crossed and that a demonstration be made in the South. This Government has no authority, no right, no power to interfere with the affairs of other Governments in Europe or with those on our own continent. We can protect ourselves and our institutions if we only pay attention to our own business. These expressions were not designed to acquire popularity. They would make him no friends in the combustible society which he in part represented. But he knew also, (and gentlemen may smile) that the hearts of the people, when their judgments shall have calmed, would bestow their approbation in the end. He might be overthrown, but he would submit to the sacrifice, and when Kossuth shall read his speech, if he should condescend to do so, he would see that however we may open our hearts, it is only sympathy and in compliment, and that we presented our bright example to the world for imitation, and nothing more.

Mr. Giddings said that they could bring forward no business of importance without discussing other matters. Most heartily did he accord with the gentleman from New York, as to the tribute of respect to Kossuth; but why should that gentleman arraign him before the House, when he (Mr. Giddings) has not occupied the attention of the Committee for one moment. We may scorn that higher power, but that law is now operating, and the gentleman will descend to the charnel house of political apostates. When this subject shall come before the House, he (Mr. Giddings) would give his views on the subject of peace and war. He never suppressed his sentiments, but he now desired that the resolution might be brought to a vote. He was desirous of paying to Kossuth the compliment of admiration and respect, and was desirous that the House should do it. He had no idea of involving this nation in war—not in the least.

Mr. Richardson could not see any difference between the amendments now pending. Neither of them pledged the House to anything. For that reason he was willing to vote for either of them; he was unwilling to go any further. He concurred in the sentiment that we should not commit this country in a war with any people. If our country must be involved in a war, it should be on our own account. He repeated, he was willing to extend hospitalities to Kossuth, but not to Kossuth's policy.

Mr. Bayly, of Va., did not regard the resolution as committing this Government to the doctrine which Kossuth propagates. If he so regarded it, it would receive from him all the condemnation which he was capable of giving it. If this Government should connect itself with the principles proposed, it would commit us to a policy which would destroy our own liberty in a short period of time. He then proceeded to speak of Kosckiusko, who had battled for our liberties, and who did not receive from us honours similar to those now designed for Kossuth, giving to the former a higher claim to our respect; but he would not contrast Kosciusko with Kossuth, because of his respect for the dead. He wished to say that, from an intimate association with members of the two Houses, he did not believe there were twenty members prepared to sanction the doctrines of Kossuth; with regard to intervention. If so, those who are carried away by the enthusiasm running through the land should pause, as he did not believe nineteen-twentieths of the people approved of the doctrine. If he could have his own way, there should be a distinct understanding, and Kossuth told in language not to be mistaken, that this Government has no idea of involving this country in the policy which he propagates.

Mr. Marshall, of Kentucky, alluded to the remark that the resolution was not designed to open the Hall for a harangue, but he had seen it stated in the papers that Kossuth had retired to prepare a speech for delivery before Congress. He did not see how the man could look at the portrait of Washington, and then listen to the doctrines which Kossuth avows without abhorrence. Have we fallen so low as this, as to extend to him a compliment never before bestowed to any, except our ally, LaFayette? He was willing to act in his private capacity, but this sacred Hall, where gentlemen assembled for legislative purposes, he was not willing to turn into a school house, to listen to lessons of wisdom from Louis Kossuth or any body else.

Mr. Ingersoll said he had spent a considerable portion of time in the dominions of the Northern power, whose troops had crushed the hopes of Hungary, and sent her leader into foreign lands. He had witnessed her struggle and defeat—a temporary one, he trusted—but, knowing what he did of the struggle, he should be unworthy of his seat in this body—knowing, too, the wishes of the people he represents—could he hesitate one moment as to a vote on this resolution. But this was not the occasion to go into the history of the Hungarian war. The time for speaking has gone—the time for action has arrived. This individual is in our country—he is in our doors. Shall we wound him in the house of his friends? In giving his vote, he wished to be understood as being opposed, in common with other gentlemen, to interference with the affairs of Europe, for he had viewed with alarm the men who surround Kossuth, and if we commenced interference with foreign States, the ground will afterward be claimed to interfere with the affairs of our own country. He placed himself on the platform of non-intervention. But it seemed that good faith, to say nothing of humanity, requires the passage of the resolution.

Mr. Gentry, while he was opposed to interfering with the affairs of foreign nations, was in favor of extending suitable respect to Kossuth. He would not, however, admit that we were afraid. A ship was sent for him, and he is here, regarding himself, in some sort, as the nation's guest. Let Kossuth speak as much as he pleased. He was willing that Kossuth should address the people in every Congressional district, and if after that the people should depart from our uniform line of policy, and thereby overturn the Government, it would argue that our institutions were based on a false foundation. Louis Kossuth may have the entire rabble of New-York, and with them all unprincipled demagogues with their huzzas at his heels, and who may say they are ready to do anything. But those people never did anything of value, and never would. However, let Kossuth speak. Who's afraid? (laughter)? If you have surplus funds, fork over. We are rich and liberal, and can afford such depletion. He regarded this as a question of civility and courtesy which involved nothing beyond that. There ought to have been no debate or argument about it.

Mr. Stephens of Ga., replied to some portions of Mr. Gentry's speech, and said that Kossuth wanted armed intervention. If we extend the privilege of the floor to Kossuth, it will be to some extent an evidence of the approbation of the principle. What have we seen here to-day? (he asked), an American Congress, sworn to support the Constitution, riding over the rules made in accordance with that instrument. One of the rules declares that no person shall be privileged to enter that Hall, except such as are designated. Another provides that one day's notice shall be given to change this rule. But the rules were over-ridden to-day. Poor defenders of liberty when you have made a mockery of our own! He made an earnest appeal to stand by the Constitution and the supremacy of the laws. As to Kossuth, we offered him a shelter on our extensive domain, pursued and hunted down as he was. We bade him welcome as an exile, but not as a propagandist. He repudiates the idea of an exile, and asks us to change the policy of this Government. As Americans we must meet the issue. He was prepared for it. Kossuth is a great man if he carries his measures; but it is time that he should have his delusion as to the action of this country removed.

Mr. Gentry briefly replied to the violation of rules, and said in substance that the thunders of his friend (Mr. Stephens) should have been heard on previous occasions.

Mr. Rantoul was in favour of the resolution. The cause of Hungary was the cause of sovereign, independent States, and Kossuth stands here the first European Champion of State Rights. This is the highest claim Kossuth has on his regard and that of the civilized world. He welcomed Kossuth because he loved this Union, and because Kossuth has all his life been opposed to centralization.

Mr. Ewing was understood to oppose the resolution, and as Kossuth had everywhere proclaimed his ideas of intervention, we should know how far we are to go.

Mr. Taylor obtained the floor, when the Committee rose.

And without disposing of the resolution, the House adjourned.

Wednesday, Dec. 31, 1851.

Various questions of order were raised on Mr. Clingman's resolution, to stop the debate in half an hour on the resolution for the appointment of a Committee of five to wait on Kossuth, and introduce him to the House. The Yeas and Nays were called several times before the resolution was disposed of.

Finally Mr. Clingman's resolution to stop debate passed, and the House went into Committee of the Whole on the state of the Union. Points of order were raised as to the business which should first be taken up, and after some struggling the Committee decided in favour of the resolution for the appointment of a Committee to wait on Kossuth to introduce him to the House.

Mr. Disney was pleased to hear gentlemen say yesterday, that the adoption of the resolution involved no committal on the part of the Government to the doctrines of Kossuth. He believed that was the conclusion to which every man must come. He lauded Kossuth highly, and answered objections which had been made against the distinguished stranger, and spoke favourably of his mission and his right to be heard. He praised Mr. Webster for the Hulsemann Letter, and said, heretofore it had been customary to regard foreign powers with an air of timidity and caution for fear of giving offence; there was a shrinking, but none of this was found in Mr. Webster's Letter; it was worthy, not only of the Republic, but a nation of twenty-five millions.

Mr. Williams remarked that the distinguished gentleman from Virginia (Mr. Bayly) said yesterday that there were not 20 members of Congress who indorse the intervention doctrines of Kossuth, but the gentleman from Ohio it seem sails under that flag.

Mr. Disney—If the gentleman will hear me, he will understand precisely where I stand. The day has gone by when this country may wrap itself in its own selfishness and say that it has nothing to do with humanity throughout the world. He then proceeded to speak of the effect of steam communication upon the world, and said there never can be peace and quiet in Europe so long as this country exhibits such great prosperity. This country has a high mission to fulfil, and though we may postpone the time, destiny rules us. The period must arrive when we will come into conflict with despotism, and the battle must be fought It may be sound policy to interfere wherever there may be a great infraction of the law of nations by any European power; whether this may result in war in any particular case or not, must be determined when the occasion arrives, but in his judgment it is the bounden duty of the Government to protect once and at all times against any infraction of the laws of nations, no matter how great or formidable the infractors may be. You will remember that because you protest you are not to intervene on every occasion. You place yourself right before the world by protesting, and give character to the doctrine you assume, and if the occasion calls for it, intervention by force of arms.

Mr. Campbell, of Ohio, had no time to reply to his colleague, but would merely send to the Clerk for an extract from the Farewell Address of the Father of his Country. The extract commenced with the words: "The great rule of our conduct is to have as little political connection as possible with foreign nations." Mr. Campbell desired to know whether his colleague designed to advocate the doctrine of intervention, as explained by Kossuth in his various speeches.

The time to which the debate was limited now expired, and

The Chairman having made a decision on a point presented, an appeal was taken from his decision.

The Committee several times found itself without a quorum, the opponents of the Kossuth resolution refusing to vote, and much time was consumed in calling the roll to note absentees.

7 o'clock—Still in session—the resolution being now fairly before the Committee.

Mr. Churchill offered a proviso to the resolution, that by its adoption this Government does not depart from its long established doctrine of non-intervention, and does not indorse the doctrine of Kossuth—if by that doctrine he meant direct interference with foreign powers. He said that when we have extended the hand of friendship as to a brother who has been long absent, and give him a hearty welcome he ought not to expect anything more.

Mr. Bissell could not vote for the amendment; it was too indefinite. He intended to vote for the resolution, and desired the resolution to go forth with his vote, that he meant to do nothing more than to extend an act of courtesy to a distinguished individual. He believed in the right of this Government to act precisely as Kossuth assumed to desire; he was willing, when the time arrives to make it necessary, that our Government should make the declaration which Kossuth suggests, but that time has not come.

Mr. Harris, of Tenn., proposed as a substitute for the amendment of his colleague, Mr. Churchill, as follows: "And that said Committee inform Louis Kossuth that the settled policy of this Government is friendship with all nations, and entangling alliances with none." He said that the object of the House was to indorse Kossuth's principles, they would vote down his amendment. To the last extremity would he resist every attempt to commit the Government to principles contrary to those which have been cherished from the earliest period of our history up to the present hour.

Mr. Carter protested against intervention being coupled with the resolution.

The amendment of Mr. Harris was adopted and then in connection with another amendment, rejected to include the exiled associates of Kossuth in the resolution. He was for respecting the knapsacks as well as the epaulettes.

Mr. Nabors warmly advocated the resolution.

Mr. Dean spoke of the miserable arrangements attending Kossuth's reception at the cars in this city and of the influences at work outside the House to defeat the resolution—and said he would vote for the resolution because he was instructed to do so.

Mr. Williams opposed intervention and predicted this would be an element in the next Presidential election

Mr. Baylay, of Va., offered an amendment which was rejected, that nothing in the resolution shall be construed as expressive of a design to involve ourselves in entangling alliances with European powers, and he enforced this in strong language.

Mr. Sweetser advocated intervention if Russia and Austria interfere in the Hungarian struggles, and one hundred thousand people of Ohio are prepared to act up to it.

Mr. Stanton, of Tenn., was for the resolution, but against any expression of opinion. Two millions of armed men in Europe now hold in check three hundred millions of people, and the time may come when we can and will assist in securing the liberty to the oppressed.

Mr. Venable dissented from the doctrine advanced by Messrs. Bissell and Stanton, and said that such interferance would involve our country in ruin.

Mr. Taylor opposed the resolution, and was for adhering to the old established policy of Washington.

Mr. Giddings exposed what he called the inconsistencies of Taylor, Venable and Bayly, who once voted for a resolution sympathizing with the downtrodden of Europe.

Mr. Churchill offered an amendment that the resolution is meant as a compliment only, and opposed the resolution, predicting that before the session closes, a resolution will be introduced, pledging this Government to intervention.

Mr. McMullen denied that Kossuth is the Nation's guest, and condemned intervention.

Mr. Appleton, of Maine, contended that the resolution was merely one of courtesy, and spoke favourably of Kossuth.

Mr. Grow defended the attacks made on Kossuth.

Mr. Stanton of Ky., moved to amend by inserting the three resolutions known as Kossuth's platform. Rejected.

Mr. Bayly addressed the Committee against intervention and the consequences involved.

Mr. Richardson offered an amendment that the Speaker request the Committee to report whether in their opinion the resolution inviting Father Matthew to a seat in the Hall committed the members of Congress and the Government to the cause of temperance. (Received with shouts of laughter).

Mr. Yates was in favour of the original resolution. Congress should not be behind the people, but give him a warm welcome. If it was intervention to express our abhorrence of Austrian and Russian tyranny, then he was for it.

Mr. Gray was in favour of the original resolution, and opposed to amendment of any kind.

Various amendments were moved. No quorum voted, although there was one present, and the roll had to be called repeatedly to note absentees.

Neither the enemies of the resolution nor its friends would give in.

Motions were made and voted down that the Committee rise.

The Committee finally, without a quorum, rose, and

Mr. Stanley moved an adjournment. Negatived by a yea and nay vote. Finally the contest was given up by the friends of the resolution, and without voting on it the House adjourned till Friday.

Friday, Jan. 2, 1852.

The Speaker announced the appointment of Messrs. Colcock, Fitch and Meacham as Regents of the Smithsonian Institution.

The House then went into Committee of the Whole on the state of the Union, on the resolution for the appointment of a Committee to introduce Kossuth, &c.

The amendment pending from Wednesday, was by Mr. Yates, viz: "And that said Committee be instructed to inform Louis Kossuth that the Government of the United States will not look with indifference on the intervention of Russia, or any other foreign power, against Hungary in any struggle for liberty she may hereafter have against the despotic power of Austria."

Mr. Yates wanted to withdraw the amendment.

Mr. Stevens, of Ga., objected, because he wanted to see how many would vote for it.

The amendment was rejected by Ayes 70, Noes 111.

Mr. Stanley offered an amendment, that in adopting this resolution, that this House does not believe that Louis Kossuth, nobly struggling in the behalf of his oppressed country, has given his approbation to, or has any sympathy with the Abolitionists, who, in a convention recently held in Pennsylvania, (at which an address was delivered by one of the members of the House, with a wicked disregard of the obligation of the Constitution and laws of the land), proclaimed that they sympathized with Kossuth in his heroic devotion to the cause of human freedom, and expressed the hope that his herculean labours in this behalf, would conduce to the overthrow of oppression, not in Hungary alone, but in the United States and throughout the world.

Mr. Stanly objected to the resolution as it stood, because gentlemen had not had a fair opportunity of expressing their views, and because attempts have been made, in the most solemn form, to connect Kossuth with the Abolitionists. Were not the Abolitionists here trying to get this resolution passed? Will the gentleman from Ohio (Mr. Giddings) come out and say if he dares, what he meant by that speech. If they are in earnest, let the House and the North and South see if he (Stanly) could not go with that crowd in honouring Louis Kossuth. He could not consent to go to Heaven with them. If he should see them going that way he should look in the other direction.

Mr. Giddings replied that the gentleman need not give himself any trouble about going to Heaven. He would never find the path (laughter)! On all proper occasions, and at all times, he was ready to respond and express his sentiments, but he would not do it on the question under consideration and under the five minute rule. In conclusion he stigmatized the proceedings of Wednesday as revolutionary on the part of the minority for the purpose of passing such a simple measure as this is. If the gentleman will introduce his resolution on the discussion of the President's Message, he would cross swords with him. Amendment rejected, 27 against 92.

Mr. Washburn said it would have been infinitely better if the resolution had not been offered, rather than that the minority should have resorted to every species of stratagem to prevent a vote.

Mr. Barrare did not believe the American people were going to desert the policy of Washington. He was willing to do anything for down-trodden humanity, but was not willing that an American Congress should lead its approbation to doctrines contrary to the great principles upon which the Republic is founded. He opposed the resolution.

Mr. Stanton, Ohio, did not regard the resolution as committing Congress or the Government to the Sentiments of the guest, and was in favour of it.

Mr. Milsom was unwilling that the representatives of thirty-one state sovereignties should dance attendance on any mortal, therefore, he was opposed to the resolution.

Mr. Stuart was for having definitive action at once, and was willing to vote for any form of words to accomplish the object which they had been debating.

Mr. Stephens, Ga., spiritedly vindicated the minority from the charge of faction.

Mr. Walsh spoke of the enthusiasm with which Kossuth has everywhere been received, and said, that Kossuth was now at their own door, and if the House turned him away, let it be recollected that the people will take his cause into their own hands.

Mr. Newton was for the naked resolution and warned gentlemen that two-thirds of this great nation are in favour of introducing Kossuth to the House.

Mr. Clark favoured the resolution. Gentlemen opposed it without cause, as it did not indorse the doctrines of Kossuth.

Mr. Bell spoke for one Congressional District of the Buckeye State; people there would adhere to the sentiments of Washington. He favoured the resolution. Would you invite a guest to your house and table and not hand him a chair? I hope not, Sir.

M. Fuller, of Pa., said the resolution should have met at once the unanimous approbation of the Committee; public opinion is stronger and mightier than the laws

Horace Mann, favouring the resolution, do not stand here longer insulting Kossuth with coolness or cold as an iceberg in pantloons; it is disreputable to the House.

Mr. Taylor denied that Kossuth was a guest of the nation, made such by governmental action; he opposed intervention.

Mr. Bowne made an earnest appeal to the majority to satisfy the minority, that there is nothing concealed behind the resolution to involve the country in difficulty.

Mr. Mallory charged that a factious minority was opposing the wishes of the majority of the American people.

Mr. Calhoun warmly defended the conduct of the minority, and stigmatized the charge of faction as false. He rose he said to defend his person and representation from the attacks of those who talk Buncombe here, for mobs at home. Kossuth after a while will insult them, and speak of those who have been striving to honour him, as the greatest geese in the world.

Mr. Meade regarded the resolution merely complimentary and not at all affecting the subjects introduced into the discussion.

Mr. Bocock defended himself as one of the minority.

Mr. Savage, in the course of his remarks, said that he was not sworn to look to the interests of Hungary, and it was no part of his duty to pay compliments to foreigners in his legislative capacity.

Mr. Johnson, of Ark., said no man could rationally object to inviting Kossuth to a seat—he urged a vote on the resolution.

Mr. Brenton offered an amendment and advocated it, the effect that the passage of the resolution will not identify any member with the principles advocated by Louis Kossuth.

Mr. Moore, of La., Although he intended to vote for the resolution defended the course of the minority, and opposed intervention

Mr, Robinson, of Ia., said that if the resolution should not pass, Kossuth, as a sensible man, knew there were two thirds in favour of it, though defeated by the minority.

Mr. Brown, Miss., advocated his amendment committing this Government neither pro or con to intervention.

Mr Fowler urged immediate action

Many amendments were offered in the course of the day, some of them merely pro forma to enable gentlemen to express their views under the five minute rule. They were all voted down.

The Committee rose for want of a quorum, and when a quorum was ascertained to be in the House, they again went into Committee.

Mr. Clingman moved that it rise, he never saw the minority fail to beat the majority in this body.

The Committee rose—when the House, without disposing of the resolution, adjourned till Monday.

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Miscellany.

MR. BULL AT HOME IN THE MIDDLE AGES.

We all know what delightful times the mediæval times were. We all know, on undeniable authority (if we would only believe it and act accordingly), that to restore the mediæval times is the only hopeful and thoroughly sensible thing left us to do in these degenerate days. Let us be middle-aged or perish!

We will present the reader with a sketch of Mr. Bull at Home, after the manner of the Middle Ages. Mr. Bull's home shall be a mediæval home; but our sketch of it shall not be, after the manner of the middle ages, false in drawing and extravagant in colour. We will sketch correctly: coming fresh from the instruction of an able master, Mr. Hudson Turner, who has lately published an elaborate work on the "Domestic Architecture of the Middle Ages."

To begin with house-building. The Romans in Britain scattered a few villas here and there among our woods; but the Romans were very far from British in their habits. They were accustomed to the warm sky of the south; but, for all that, they were John Bullish, too, in one respect: what it was the custom to do, they thought could not be wrong. They built houses in Italy, of which the grand apartment had no roof, and had a rain-cistern in the middle of the floor; with little bed-rooms, very much like penitentiary cells, leading out of it. The grand apartment was the sitting-room, and study, and dining-room, and also kitchen: to do the Roman justice, however, we must add a bath to this ground-plan of his family mansion. It is very doubtful whether the Romans in Britain often allowed it to occur to them, that in our climate a parlour without a roof is open to wind, rain, fog, and other inconveniences. Sometimes, no doubt, a spirited proprietor roofed himself in; but we can imagine more than a few Romans of the true hereditary breed who scorned to let effeminacy lead them to the breach of a time-honoured custom. Roof or no roof to his hall—*atrium* he called it—the ground-plan of a Roman's house remained the same, and it was always very solid in its structure. The remains of Roman towns and houses greatly edified the Saxons, whose taste ran for a less solid kind of house property. The Romans having made roads over the country, conveyed stone from distant quarries, to give strength to the massive buildings, which the Saxons called emphatically works, and honoured with their verbal admiration, by such names as the Ald-wark in York, and the South-wark in London.

The Romans gradually went, the Saxons gradually came; and where the Saxon chieftain found a Roman house vacant, he would not object to become its tenant. Why should he? He had been accustomed, in his home by the Baltic, to a two-roomed establishment, of which one was the cooking, feasting, and promiscuous sleeping room; the other was the private council chamber, and the place in which he and his chief retainers were littered down at night in a more select and exclusive manner. The old Roman house still left him a feasting-hall, and gave him increased private accommodation. The family mansion of a Saxon thane was built of the same wood that overspread the country, and was thatched with reeds or straw, and roofed with wooden shingles. It was the usual two-roomed "compact residence;" there was the hall, with a fire lighted in the centre, and a hole in the roof above to let the smoke out—that is to say, when the owner had a spice of foppery about him: generally, the smoke found its way out as it pleased. It was wood smoke, of course.

Wood, and mud, and thatch, therefore, were the building materials of our fathers, the Saxons; their chiefs may have added a few daubs of paint, by way of ornament, or a little gilding, and a few pinnacles. Moreover, in the latter centuries of Saxon dominion, stone buildings were raised, undoubtedly. Churchmen, and traders out of England, saw the world, and brought some wisdom home with them. The clergy cried for "churches in the Roman manner," and, being spoiled children, of course got them. Mansions, however, in the Roman manner, did not include chimneys. In 1368, a Prince of Padua, visiting Rome, took with him masons, who built a chimney in the inn at which he stopped, "because," says Muratori, "in the city of Rome they did not then use chimneys; and all lighted the fire in the middle of the house, on the floor." Chimneys, probably, were understood in principle, centuries before custom gave way, and permitted them to be introduced into common practice. For Saxon fortresses, they probably were not worth much: the fortresses of England in those times were supplied by Nature—fens and forests. Alfred retired for protection to the woods and marshes of Somersetshire; and the last stand of the Saxons against the Normans was made among the fens of Ely.

The Normans, prevailing, introduced their style of house, in which the accommodation still consisted of a great hall and a single bed-chamber. They used more stone, and paid more attention to the Roman manner, than the Saxons had done. Still, however, wood and mud clay were employed by the vast majority of house-builders: still, the carpenter might answer, as he answered in the colloquy of Ælfric, "that he made houses—and bowls." To the end of the middle ages, the great bulk of the house property in England was of this character. We talk glibly, in these present times, of the slight manner in which houses are run up in London. In the most flourishing period of these dear Middle Ages, it was the duty of a London alderman to be provided with a hook and chain, that he might be ready to pull down any house that sinned against existing regulations.

Travelling over the twelfth century, and a step farther, over the days of Cœur de Leon, and John, and Magna Charta, we do not find that there was much improvement in the houses of the people. Let us see what sort of house the king inhabited. It will help us to test the amount of comfort enjoyed by Mr. Bull.

The King's houses at Kennington, Woodstock, Portsmouth, and Southampton, were all built after one fashion. There was the great hall, with a high-pitched roof and a very muddy floor littered with rushes. The house had a door large enough for wagons to pass through, and window-holes unglazed, with badly-fitting wooden shutters; these windows being placed high, that the wind rushing through them might be kept as near the ceiling as possible. The walls were white-washed, and the great hall, altogether, very much resembled a large barn. Where the hall was too broad for a roof to cover it, in a single span, pillars were raised of wood or stone; so halls, sometimes, were divided into three aisles, like a church. Out of the hall, a door at one end led into a small stone chamber on the same floor—the cellar. At any rate (say you) they kept a cellar. Yes, and they put into it a terrible quantity of *vin ordinaire*, supplied by the wine-merchants of Bourdeaux. Over the stone cellar was built a wooden chamber, also small, which was called the "solar." This was the royal sanctum, the loft in which his Majesty reposed. A British housemaid of this age would refuse to sleep in such a place. There was a clay floor, a window with a wooden shutter that let in the wind through all its chinks (an extra charge was made to his Majesty, at Kennington, "for making the windows shut better than usual"), and there was a clumsy lath-and-plaster cone projecting from one wall to serve the purpose of a chimney. To complete the picture of the royal cabinet at this period, we may as well put in the furniture. There were sometimes hangings on the wall. There was a bed; that is to say, there was a bench fixed in the ground, upon which were placed a mattress and bolster of rich stuff; so that his Majesty's sleeping accommodation may be likened, very fairly, to that sort of bed which is, now and then, in our own day improvised by housewives for a supernumerary male guest on the sofa. In addition to this bed, the King's chamber contained also a chair, with its legs rammed into the ground—a moveable chair being a special luxury, occasionally ordered. Nothing else was contained in the King's apartment except his box, in which he kept his clothes. This bedroom for a single gentleman had to be shared by the Queen: and it was not only a bedroom by night, but it was a parlour by day, when their Majesties had a desire for privacy, or when any state business of a private nature had to be transacted. In 1827, Edward the First and Queen Eleanor were sitting on their bed-side, attended by the ladies of the court, when they narrowly escaped death by lightning.

The solar, generally, was the only portion of the building not on the ground-floor: having been originally elevated probably out of a desire, on some King's part, to escape ague and rheumatism. It was reached by stairs from the hall, or, perhaps oftener, by an external staircase; in which last case his Majesty had to go out of doors to climb into his cockloft. These external staircases frequently were covered. Two other little chambers, a larder and a sewery, opened by doors into the great hall. In the sewery were kept household stores, and so forth. What a larder is, we know. But in the great days of feasting, was there not a kitchen? Why, sometimes there was a door which led from a temporary shed or lean to, on the outer wall; or there were two or three wooden enclosures, without roofs in the court-yard; or, quite as frequently, the cooking took place in the court-yard in the open air. There were two courts, with pigs and fowls in one of them; and a fence or wall outside all, with a moat. Posts and chains were often fixed round the hall porch to keep out cattle. We must add the idea of a separate shed, used as a chapel.

So lived the King, and so lived English Gentlemen, in the days of Magna Charta. Some houses, however, were at that time raised; being the habitable part, all placed on the second story, and approached by a staircase, generally external. The hall furniture was very simple, consisting of a long table, sometimes of boards laid upon tressels, with the legs rammed well into the ground, and forms fixed into the ground in the same manner—now and then having backs. The floor was covered with dry rushes in the winter, and with green fodder in the summer. The lower part of the hall, below the dais, sloppy enough, was often called "the Marsh." In this hall, guests and domestics of both sexes slept upon the forms, or upon the fodder. And for centuries the practice continued after the itinerant minstrels and romancers had well stocked themselves with ribald tales, based on the results of this arrangement.

In towns, the desire which men had to reside within the protection of their walls, made space valuable, and led to the frequent erection of second stories. The houses were here and there of stone, but, in the great majority of cases, of wood and mud clay, thatched, perhaps plastered—certainly white-washed, both inside and out. It was considered "only proper," as a precaution against fire, "that before every house there should be a tub full of water."

We are now in the good time of the Edwards; to which Harrison, the author of a "Description of Brittaine," written in Queen Elizabeth's days, looked back with much regret as the real good old times of *his* time. At the time of the coronation of Edward the First, there were two halls in Westminister, a greater and a less. But, furthermore, on that occasion, all the vacant ground within the enclosure of the palace at Westminister was entirely covered with buildings. Several halls were raised on the south side of the old palace, in which "tables, firmly fixed in the ground, were set up, whereon the magnates, and princes, and nobles were to be feasted on the day of the coronation, and during fifteen days thereafter." All poor and rich, who came to the solemnity, were to be welcome to the feast. "And innumerable kitchens, also, were built within the said enclosure, for the preparation of viands against the same solemnity. And lest those kitchens should not be sufficient, there were numberless leaden caldrons placed outside them, for the cooking of meats. And it is to be remembered, that the great kitchen, in which fowls and other things were to be cooked, was wholly uncovered at the top, so that all manner of smoke might escape. No one can describe the other utensils necessary for the sustentation of so great a court: no one can tell the number of barrels of wine which were prepared for it." Yes, certainly, the antiquary can. There were three hundred barrels of *vin ordinaire*, of which one hundred and sixteen were emptied on the coronation day. They cost six hundred and forty-three pounds, fifteen shillings, and fourpence: which sum you must multiply by fifteen to bring it to the value of money at the present day. A shilling in the days of the Edwards corresponds to fifteen shillings in the days of Victoria.

The kitchens, as we have said, were merely sheds. In the seventeenth year of Henry the Third, the royal kitchens at Oxford were blown down by a strong wind. A large shed, to contain wood for the kitchen fires and for any other fire that might be made, was, of course, necessary. The Londoners, at first, living in little whitewashed boxes, made a strong objection to the use of sea-coal, on account of its being impossible to keep their walls white in the smoke it made.

To the king's houses there were now attached "wardrobes:" a set of windy lofts or store-rooms, in which were kept the heavy cloths and stuffs for the apparel of the household. Here, the king's tailors worked. The court attendants being all clothed at the King's expense, he was a wholesale purchaser of draper's goods: and, at that period, such quantities as he required of fur and cloth could be had only at the great periodical fairs. Hence the necessity of wardrobes, in which also were stored, by-the-by, almonds, sugar, spice, and all things nice which came under the title of stomatica.

In the year 1245, the predecessor of Edward the first had only one glass cup, which Guy de Rousillon had given to him. He sent it to Edward of Westminister, a famous goldsmith in his day, with orders to take off the glass foot and to mount it on a foot of silver gilt; to make a handle to it answering to the foot; to surround it with silver-gilt hoops; and, having done this with all haste, to present it in his name to the Queen. Glass was first applied to windows in the churches and the monasteries; and although the Edwards and some of their chief nobles introduced glass into their own windows also, they did so sparingly, using it as so rare a luxury, that, in the best of palaces, there was but a glass window here and there, the other windows having wooden lattices or wooden shutters. The glass in a man's windows was a portion of his personal estate.

The Romans made good glass, and knew the use of it in windows. Brittle as glass is, it stood firm under the blows that crushed the Roman empire; and, from the beginning of the middle ages, the island of Murano, near Venice, was celebrated for its works in this material. In Italy, church windows were glazed in the seventh century. The art spread into France and Germany long before England practised it. It used to be obtained by us, in England, from the Flemings, in exchange for wool; some came from Normandy: that being all, or chiefly, window glass; the drinking-glasses were made in Venice, after patterns sent out by the English dealers. After the age of the Edwards, in 1386, glass was so scarce, that, to mend the broken windows in a chapel at Stamford, the King issued his writ to one Nicholas Hoppwell, to take as much glass as he could find, or might be needful for his purpose, from the counties of Norfolk, Northampton, Leicester, and Lincoln. Yet, though scarce, glass was not very dear; and, from this fact, we fairly may deduce, that it was not, on the whole, much cared about. Even in the reign of Edward the first, it cost but threepence-halfpenny a foot, including the expense of glazing; threepence-halfpenny being, it is remembered, equal to about four shillings and fourpence of our modern currency.

In the matter of fire-places, it must be observed, that marble mantel-pieces, carved or painted, were in use at this period. One of the cosey notions of King Henry the Third was, that a certain mantel-piece should be painted over with a blue-nosed personification of winter—an old man with contorted body, by way of contrast to the comfortable blaze. So Egyptian ladies had the head of a demon to adorn the handles of their looking glasses, and to cheer their hearts by the suggestion of a contrast. These mantel-pieces did not always border flues. In many remains of this period no trace of a chimney is perceptible, because it was a common custom to attach it to the wall in the form of a light-plastered structure, a mere cobweb, which, of course, time would have dusted off.

We have mentioned the stairs, often external, which led to the solar chamber. Sometimes these stairs communicated with a trap-door. It was through a trap-door that Henry the Third descended from his chamber to his chapel at Clarendon; so the said chamber had another quality pertaining to a cockloft. In Rochester Castle the chapel of the same King was above the chamber, and his Majesty ordered the construction of an outer stair, because he had been worried by the number of people passing up to chapel through his bed-room.

Deal wainscoting painted, especially painted green, and starred with gold or decorated with pictures, began now to be adopted by the high and mighty. It was probably not carried higher than five or six feet. Hangings were not generally applied to private rooms, though they were used abundantly in churches on a festival; also, the outsides of houses in towns were covered with drapery on great occasions, so that the streets were on each side thoroughly be-curtained.

In the reign of Henry the Third, the first attempts were made at underground drainage. The refuse and dirty water from the royal kitchens had long been carried through the great hall at Westminister; but the foul odours were said seriously to affect the people's health. An under-ground drain was devised, therefore, to carry the offensive matter to the Thames.

Furniture, at this more advanced period, still had to be made for its owner on the premises. In 1249, Henry the Third sent a writ to one of his bailiffs, authorising him to obtain by gift or purchase a great beech tree for the purpose of making tables for the royal kitchens. It was to be sent by water to London immediately. There were fixed tables and forms in the great hall; the royal seat, sometimes of stone, being elaborately carved and painted. In the private chamber, forms and chairs were fastened round the wall; so the King and Queen and their attendants must have made rather a stiff party when they sat together. There were some moveable chairs; the Coronation chair; in Westminister Abbey, being one of them. Eleanor of Castile introduced,—for her own use, carpets—to the scandal of the Londoners. Carpets, however, as church furniture, had long been known. Eleanor's fashion was not followed, even by Kings, until the succeeding century. The private chamber, when large, was sometimes divided into boxes by thin partitions, which kept the royal person more secluded. The bed of the King was a clumsy sofa, to which by this time a canopy had come to be added. The King's mattresses, bolsters, and pillows were covered with silk or velvet. Sheets and counterpanes were used even by men quite in the middle class, and the royal outlay for table-linen leads one to suppose that at the royal feasts clean table-cloths were spread even before the poor. Upon the cloth, the mighty salt-cellar was the chief table ornament; the King feasted from silver; but the people ate and drank from wooden bowls and platters. Gourds, horns, and cocoa-nut shells were also put in valuable settings, and employed as cups.

People ate with their fingers, or used spoons. The cook is often represented, in the pictures of the period, bringing his meat upon the spit, and offering it in that way to each guest, who cuts off with his knife, and removes with his fingers, what he wants, and suffers the cook then to pass on, and present the spit to his neighbour. Among very great people these spits were usually made of silver. Forks were scorned by Mr. Bull, long after this period, when they were known in England. It was a mark of good breeding to keep the hand as little greasy as possible. It is recorded of Matthias Corvinus, King of Hungary, from 1458 to 1490, that he was very accomplished in this respect. His contemporary biographer says that at that time, in Hungary, forks were not used at table, as they were in many parts of Italy; but that at meals each person laid hold of the meat with his fingers, and on that account Hungarian fingers were always found to be much stained with saffron, which was then put into sauces and soup. The biographer praises the King for eating without a fork, yet conversing at the same time, and never dirtying his clothes.

Now, as to the aspect of the country.

It is well known that every county in England contained, at the time of which we speak, forests or woods, abounding in game, and not deficient in wolves, four-footed and two-footed. For, to these forests, fled great numbers of lawless men: who lurked behind the bushes, and had little mercy upon wayfarers. For better protection against such marauders, it was enacted in 1285, "that the highways leading from one market town to another should be widened, so that there should be no bushes, woods or dikes within two hundred feet on each side of the road; and those proprietors who refused to cut down underwoods abutting on high-roads were to be held responsible for all felonies that might be committed by persons lurking in their covert." Next to London, Winchester, the old Anglo-Saxon capital, was the chief town of England in those days. At Winchester there was held yearly a great fair; and upon traders journeying to this fair, with goods, or quitting it with money, robbers loved to pounce. The wooded pass of Alton was a favourite ambush for the outlaws, so that a custom arose of sending five mounted sergeants-at-arms to keep this pass during the continuance of this fair of St. Giles.

Of the districts uncovered by forest, a large part was occupied by fens and marshes, on which cranes and storks, both now extinct in this country, were plentiful. The roads were such as we should now not tolerate. There were no inns; monasteries were the halting places of the traveller; he received there food and lodging gratis, and was sold provisions to take forward on his journey. Towns were generally walled; the chief towns, then, being, after London, Winchester, York, Lincoln, Boston, St. Ives, Lynn, and Stamford. Dover and Dunwich were both important seaports, and Southampton already a thriving place. Yarmouth was starting into life through the herring-fishery, and Newcastle had just begun to profit by its coal. But over the whole country there was nothing like the hive of people which increase of wealth and population now supplies for the day's work of British Industry. The whole population of London itself was under twenty thousand. "In the fourteenth century, the whole number of the inhabitants of Lincoln, who contributed to an assessment of ninths, was less than eight hundred." London we have to picture as a mass of little white-washed tenements, with an approach to pavements in the narrow streets, each street appropriated to its own trade. Down the centre of streets leading to the Thames, ran the town drainage into the river; near the river, dwelt the merchants and the adventurers on the deep sea. Beside the corporation wards, the city contained sokes or districts under independent lords; the soke lords and their tenants had a vote as citizens, but were exempt from city jurisdiction. The consequence of this arrangement, was a city divided against itself, which gave comparative impunity to malefactors. The streets were so dangerous that the canons of St. Martin-le-Grand were afraid to go across the road to their collegiate church, and so obtained leave to connect their lodgings with the church tower by a wooden bridge.

The main traffic out of London was to Dover, and this road was worked by hackney-men, who let a horse at Southwark for the stage to Rochester, where it was exchanged for another hackney that went on to Canterbury, and so on. The charge was for each of those two stages sixteen pence; that is to say, a sovereign in present money. Carts were also provided to transport the luggage; but the roads were so bad that in some districts it was necessary to rest the cattle four days after travelling two, although the usage was to travel four days and rest three; so four days made a week to travellers. No cross-road could be attempted without the assistance of a guide. Ladies of rank went out occasionally in covered cars, vehicles richly painted and lined, but lumbering wagons as to their construction. King Henry the Third ordered a house of deal to be made, running on wheels; so a King of England was the first of the long train of attractions who have since travelled in caravans.

Trade was in keeping with the poverty and scanty numbers of the population. Goldsmiths and others merely worked in other men's material. Those who kept stores supplied them from the annual fairs, and if any run upon the shops exhausted them, it was requisite to wait untill the next fair came round. When Henry the Third wanted to take Bedford Castle, pickaxes were required, and ropes wherewith to pull the battering machines. He sent a royal order to the sheriff of London to supply the necessary articles; they were not to be raised in London; and ropes and pickaxes were demanded of the sheriffs of Dorsetshire, and other counties; immense trouble being taken, throughout several counties, to execute an order which two tradesmen would now receive as a trifling item in the routine of their business.

When it is remembered that the details of home comfort which we have given, miserable as they are, have been drawn from the establishments of Kings, it will be easy to imagine what was the condition of the common people in this country during the blessed ages of romance and chivalry. Those wretched good old times! There is hardly a glory in them that will bear the light. Even the Wardon pie, that phantom emblem of good cheer, which we troll over with an oily chuckle when we sing about the monks of old, is—what? "The Cistercian monks of Wardon, in Bedfordshire, produced, at some early but uncertain time, a baking variety of the pear. It bore, and still bears, the name of the abbey; it figured on its armorial escutcheon, and supplied the contents of those Wardon pies so often named in old descriptions of feasts." The flagon of wine and the Wardon pie, what have they come to? *Vin ordinaire* in a wooden mug, and a quashy mess of baking pears under a pie-crust of the Middle Ages!—*Dickens' Household Words.*

NEEDLES.

The manufacture of needles is principally carried on at Redditch. No fewer than thirty separate processes are involved in the manufacture of a good needle, affording an example of subdivided employment scarcely paralleled in any other branch of industry. The first process is bringing the steel into a fine wire. Suppose a store-room hung round with hoops of wire, of varied thickness, and each hoop containing on an average about fourteen pounds of wire, the length varying according to the diameter. The size of sewing needles vary, but the ordinary sizes range from No. 1, of which twenty thicknesses make an inch, to No. 12, of which there are a hundred to an inch. Take No. 6, by way of example. The coil of wire is about two feet in diameter, weighing about thirteen pounds; the length is about a mile and a quarter, and it will produce forty or fifty thousand needles. The size of the needle is gauged by a small piece of steel, with eighteen or twenty slits in the edge, all of different sizes, with a particular number attached to each. The diameter of each coil of wire is tested by this gauge, and by the number each diameter is known. The coil is next cut into pieces equal to the length of two needles, then straightened by being annealed in a furnace. A number of rings, varying in diameter from three to seven inches, are placed upright on their edges, at a little distance apart; and within these are placed some thousands of wires, which are kept resting on the interior edges of the rings. When red-hot they are taken out and placed on an iron-plate, the wires being horizontal and the rings in which they are inserted being vertical. The process of "straightening" or rubbing them commences. The workman inserts a long piece of iron about an inch wide into the rings, and rubs the needles backwards and forwards, causing each needle to turn on its own axis, and also over and under those which surround it. As the wire, when cut from the hoop, is in a curved formed, the action of one upon the other makes them all straight; and, by this process any convexity is pressed out. The wires are now about three inches long, blunt at both ends, dull on the surface; and each of these wires is to make two needles, the two ends forming the points, which are made before the wire is divided. This process is extremely interesting to the spectator, but extremely hurtful to the workman, whose life is materially shortened by pursuing it. The workmen are seated on stools with a bunch of wires in their hands, before a series of small stones, from eight to twenty inches in diameter, rotating vertically about two feet from the ground, and with a velocity amounting to two thousand revolutions per minute; the wires they gently press upon the stones. A handkerchief is wrapped over their mouths to prevent them from inhaling the small particles of steel which float in the air around them, but even with this precaution they inhale a certain portion, which renders the pursuit so destructive to life that few live much beyond thirty years of age. The workman places the fingers and palm of one hand diagonally over those of the other, and grasps the wires between them, the latter being parallel; the thumb of the left hand comes over the back of the fingers of the right, and the knuckles and joints are so arranged that every wire can be made to rotate on its own axis, by a slight movement of the hand, without rolling over the others. By causing the wire to rotate while in contact with the stone, the pointer works equally on all sides of it, and brings the point in the axis of the wire. Every now and then he adjusts the wires to a proper position, against a stone or plate, and dips their end in a little trough of liquid placed between him and the stone. Each wire sends out its stream of sparks, which ascend diagonally in a direction opposite to the workman; and so rapid are his movements that he will point seventy or a hundred needles in half a minute, or ten thousand in an hour. It is a curious sight to see many of the workmen pursuing their task in the dark, their faces lit up by the cone of sparks issuing from the grinding steel, which reflects a vivid light upon their pale and attenuated forms, forming a *tableau vivant* worthy of the pencil of a Rembrandt. The next process is to pierce two holes, or eyes, through the centre of the wire, which is to form two needles; this involves great nicety of touch in order to prevent what is called "cutting in the eye." The germ of the eye is given to each half of the wire by a stamping machine and a hammer weighing about thirty pounds; upon the surface of the wire the die is impressed in the form of a gutter or channel. In this channel the eye of the needle is pierced. One stamper can stamp four thousand wires in an hour, or eight thousand needles, although he has to adjust each needle to the die. The piercing of the eye is effected by boys, each of whom holds a number of needles or wires, spread out flat like a fan, which he lays flat on a small iron or slab, holding one end of each wire in his left hand, and bringing the middle of the wire to the middle of the press. Two steel points or cutters are affixed to the upper arm of the press, exactly the size of the eye they are to form, and both these points are made to pass through the wire very nearly together, and at a small distance on each side of the centre of the wire, thereby forming the eyes of two needles. The operation requires a steady hand and good eye-sight, to effect it properly. After the needles are "eyed," a wire is passed through each, which is called "spitting." Two pieces of wire, exactly the size of the needle-eye, are held in the right hand, and a distance apart, corresponding to the space between the eyes in each needle-wire: the pierced needles, held in the left hand, are now threaded upon the wires, and, when completed, the latter have the appearance of a fine-toothed comb. A workman now files down the bur, or inequalities, left on the side of the eye by stamping. The piece of wire, which is to form two needles, is then separated by the dextrous manipulation of the workman, who works the comb in his hands until he has broken it into two halves, each being "spitted" by one of the perforating wires. The "soft straightener" next takes the needles in hand, which are placed on a small steel plate, by separating them from the group with a bar of a curious form, which is worked with the hand. Each needle is rolled over two or three times with the lower surface of the instrument upon the plate, until every unevenness of surface is effaced, and so quickly is this done that three thousand needles can be straightened in an hour by one person.

The needles are now to be "hardened" and "tempered by heat: which is effected by placing them in ovens, spread in thick layers on narrow trays of iron, where they remain for a certain time; after receiving the proper degree of heat they are transfered to a perforated vessel, immersed in cold water or oil, where they are cooled and "hardened." If the hardening has been effected in water the needles are simply dried; but, if in oil, they are washed in alkaline ley to free them from the oil. The needles are "tempered" on an iron plate, heated from beneath, and moved about with trowels until each one has been gradually brought to a certain temperature. They have now to be straightened by small hammers, having become slightly distorted by the heat. This process is performed by women, who, with a light hammer, give a number of blows to the needles, placed in a small steel block with a smooth upper surface, and so tedious is it that an expert workwoman cannot straighten more than five hundred needles in an hour. The "scouring" machines are next called into requisition, which is composed of a square slab working to and fro on a long bench or bed. The object is to make the needles perfectly smooth. A strip of thick canvas is laid out open on a bench, and on this a large heap of needles, amounting to twenty or thirty thousand, is laid, all the needles being parallel to each other and to the length of the cloth. The needles are then coated with a mixture of emery and oil, and tied up tightly in the canvas, the whole forming a compact mass about two feet long and two inches in thickness. Twenty-four rolls being thus prepared, comprising about six hundred thousand needles in all, they are placed under the rubbers of the scouring machines, two rolls to each machine. The bundles are made to roll over each other, by which an intense degree of friction is excited among the needles, each rubbing the other smooth. This scouring endures eight hours, when the needles are taken out, washed in suds, placed in fresh canvas, touched with a new portion of emery and oil, and subjected to another eight hours' friction. This process is repeated five or six times over. They are next taken to the "header," who turns all the heads one way and all the points another. The girl sits with her face to the window, and has the needles ranged in a row before her, the needles being parallel with the window. She draws out laterally to the right those having their eyes on the right hand, into a heap; and to the left those which have their eyes in that direction.

During the process of "scouring" it sometimes happens that as many as eight or ten thousand out of fifty thousand are spoiled. "Drilled-eyed needles" are produced by being drilled with a fine instrument, which makes them as smooth in the eye as any other part of the needle. The head is first "blued," or heated, to temper it for working; then the eye is "counter-sunk," which consists in bevelling off the eye by means of a triangular drill, so that there may be no sharp edge between the eye and the shaft of the needle. Drilling succeeds. The workman takes up a few needles between the fingers and thumb of his left hand—spreads them out like a fan with the eyes uppermost—brings them one by one opposite the point of the drill working horizontally with great rapidity before him, governing the handle of the drill with his right hand, and drills the eye, which is equivalent to making it circular, smooth, and polished. By shifting the thumb and finger round, he brings all the needles in succession under the action of the drill, which is prepared with great nicety, being a wire of polished steel three or four inches long, and by which the high finish of the needle is ultimately produced. The heads are now rounded, by the men grinding them upon stones, about five or six inches in diameter, attached to a horizontal axis. These stones revolve about three thousand times in a minute, consequently the needles are but slightly touched by them; after this they are "polished," which may be termed the final process of the manufacture. The polishing wheel consists of wood coated with buff leather, whose surface is slightly touched with polishing paste; the needles being applied to them in every part successively, first the surface, then the pointed and eyed end, and about a thousand in an hour can be polished by each man. The needle is now finished.—*The World in its Worships.*

THE QUEEN'S OPERA.

BY THOMAS CARLYLE.

Of the Haymarket Opera my account, in fine, is this: Lustres, candelabras, painting, gilding at discretion: a hall as of the Caliph Alraschid, or him that commanded the slaves of the Lamp; a hall as if fitted up by the genies, regardless of expense. Upholstery and the outlay of human capital could do no more. Artists, too, as they are called, have been got together from the ends of the world, regardless likewise of expense, to do dancing and singing, some of them even geniuses in their craft. One singer in particular, called Coletti or some such name, seemed to me, by the cast of his face, by the tones of his voice, by his general bearing, so far as I could read it, to be a man of deep and ardent sensibilities, of delicate intuitions, just sympathies; originally an almost poetic soul, or man of *genius* as we term it; stamped by Nature as capable of far other work than squalling here, like a blind Samson to make the Philistines sport!

Nay, all of them had aptitudes, perhaps of a distinguished kind; and must, by their own and other people's labour, have got a training equal or superior in toilsomeness, earnest assiduity, and patient travail, to what breeds men to the most arduous trades I speak not of kings' grandees, or the like show-figures; but few soldiers, judges, men of letters, can have had such pains taken with them. The very ballet girls, with their muslin saucers round them, were perhaps little short of miraculous; whirling and spinning there in strange mad vortexes, and then suddenly fixing themselves motionless, each upon her left or right great-toe, with the other leg stretched out at an angle of ninety degrees—as if you had suddenly pricked into the floor, by one of their points, a pair, or rather a multitudinous cohort, of mad restlessly jumping and clipping scissors, and so bidden them rest, with opened blades, and stand still, in the Devil's name! A truly notable motion; marvellous, almost miraculous, were not the people there so used to it. Motion peculiar to the Opera; perhaps the ugliest, and surely one of the most difficult, ever taught a female creature in this world. Nature abhors it; but Art does at least admit it to border on the impossible. One little Cerito, or Taglioni the Second, that night when I was there, went bounding from the floor as if she had been made of Indian-rubber, or filled with hydrogen gas, and inclined by positive levity to bolt through the ceiling; perhaps neither Semiramis nor Catherine the Second had bred herself so carefully.

Such talent, and such martyrdom of training, gathered from the four winds, was now here, to do its feat and be paid for it. Regardless of expense, indeed! The purse of Fortunatus seemed to have opened itself, and the divine art of Musical Sound and Rhythmic Motion was welcomed with an explosion of all the magnificences which the other arts, fine and course, could achieve. For you are to think of some Rossini or Bellini in the rear of it, too; to say nothing of the Stanfields, and hosts of scene-painters, machinists, engineers, enterprisers—fit to have taken Gibraltar, written the History of England, or reduced Ireland into Industrial Regiments, had they so set their minds to it!

Alas, and of all these notable or noticeable human talents, and excellent perseverances and energies, backed by mountains of wealth, and led by the divine art of Music and Rhythm vouchsafed by Heaven to them and us, what was to be the issue here this evening? An hour's amusement, not amusing either, but wearisome and dreary, to a high-dizened select Populace of male and female persons, who seemed to me not worth much amusing! Could any one have pealed into their hearts once, one true thought, and glimpse of Self-vision: 'High-dizened, most expensive persons, Aristocracy so called, or *Best* of the World, beware, beware what proofs you give of betterness and bestness!' And then the salutary pang of conscience in reply: 'A select Populace, with money in its purse, and drilled a little by the posture-maker: good Heavens! if that were what, here and everywhere in God's Creation, I *am*? And a world all dying because I am, and show myself to be, and to have long been, even that? John, the carriage, the carriage: swift! Let me go home in silence, to reflection, perhaps to sackcloth and ashes!' This, and not amusement, would have profited those high-dizened persons.

Amusement, at any rate, they did not get from Euterpe and Melpomene. These two Muses, sent for, regardless of expense, I could see, were but the vehicle of a kind of service which I judged to be Paphian rather. Young beauties of both sexes used their opera-glasses, you could notice, not entirely for looking at the stage. And it must be owned the light, in this explosion of all the upholsteries, and the human fine arts and coarse, was magical; and made your fair one an Armida—if you liked her better so. Nay, certain old Improper-Females (of quality), in their rouge and jewels, even these looked some *reminiscence* of enchantment; and I saw this and the other lean domestic Dandy, with icy smile on his old worn face; this and the other Marquis Singedelomme, Prince Mahogany, or the like foreign Dignitary, tripping into the boxes of said females, grinning there awhile, with dyed moustachios and macassar-oil graciosity, and then tripping out again: and, in fact, I perceived that Coletti and Cerito and the Rhythmic Arts were a mere accompaniment here.

Wonderful to see; and sad, if you had eyes! Do but think of it. Cleopatra threw pearls into her drink, in mere waste; which was reckoned foolish of her. But here had the Modern Aristocracy of men brought the divinest of its Arts, heavenly Music itself; and, piling all the upholsteries and ingenuities that other human art could do, had lighted them into a bonfire to illuminate an hour's flirtation of Singedelomme, Mahogany, and these improper persons! Never in Nature had I seen such waste before. O Coletti, you whose inborn melody, once of kindred as I judged to 'the Melodies eternal,' might have valiantly weeded out this and the other false thing from the ways of men, and made a bit of God's creation more melodious—they have purchased you away from that; chained you to the wheel of Prince Mahogany's chariot, and here you make sport for a macassar Singedelomme, and his improper-females past the prime of life! Wretched spiritual Nigger, oh, if you *had* some genius, and were not a born Nigger with mere appetite for pumpkin, should you have endured such a lot? I lament for *you* beyond all other expenses. Other expenses are light; you are the Cleopatra's pearl that should not have been flung into Mahogany's claret-cup. And Rossini too, and Mozart and Bellini—Oh, Heavens, when I think that Music too is condemned to be mad and to burn herself, to this end, on such a funeral pile—your celestial Opera-house grows dark and infernal to me. Behind its glitter stalks the shadow of Eternal Death; through it too I look not 'up into the divine eye,' as Richter has it, 'but down into the bottomless eyesocket'—not up towards God, Heaven, and the Throne of Truth, but too truly down towards Falsity, Vacuity, and the dwelling place of Everlasting Despair.*London Keepsake for* 1852.

SUDDEN METAMORPHOSIS OF P. COLFAX.

Messrs. Editors: I am a living illustration of a marvellous metamorphosis, which, as a curious specimen of its kind, I think the world should be made acquainted with. My wife says that I am a wonderfully changed man within the last fortnight. But to go back a little, I am the only son of a Suffolk county farmer, a shoemaker by profession, about five feet nine in my stockings and of good girth in the waist, not stout though. My business is tolerably prosperous, of a rather positive disposition—so much so that when any friends have encountered me, they generally knew their man. Now, my own wife even professes not to know me, and I believe the poor woman does not. Let me explain: About a fortnight ago, I used to go about my business in a plain suit of black, with the ordinary round beaver; my conversation was in the old English tongue, and I was in the habit of dining at home off a plain domestic dish. My name was Colfax, and I was an American. I rather think that I am at the present moment Louis Kossuth and a Hungarian—and will try and explain to you how this wonderful transformation came about. About a fortnight ago, as I have said, there arrived on Staten Island, down the bay of New York, in one of the Atlantic steamers, a gentleman of the name of Kossuth, who had no sooner reached this city than he set the whole town topsy-turvy. Everybody left off their customary business and pleasure, whatever they might be, and fell to talking, visiting, speaking, addressing, delegating, committeeing, and eating Kossuth. In this last particular such a furious set of cannibals was never before known. Every day there was a grand feast, and every day the standing dish at the Irving House, at the Astor, at Tripler Hall, was *toujours* Kossuth. I resisted the epidemic to the utmost of my power, but it was of no avail. One day I had occasion, being detained in the Swamp by delays in the purchase of a couple of sides of sole leather, to dine at one of the eating-houses in Nassau street. They stuffed me with beef a la Kossuth and topped me off with a Kossuth pudding. The next day, needing a new coat, and fixing upon a "ready-made," before I knew it they had clapped me in a Kossuth coat, and when, only yesterday, I invested in a new hat (my old beaver was, truth to tell, awfully rusty), I found myself striding through the streets in a Hungarian castor, Kossuth fashion, with a great black feather flying "over the left." You see I am a changed man. I am no longer myself, Peter Colfax, cobbler, but another man altogether. My wife too, poor creature! has also caught the infection from me, and is, by force of example and the stress of the public opinion in the neighbourhood, carried away so far that she hails me whenever I come in from the shop, with a clamourous Eljen Kossuth! Well! I suppose we may as well submit with a good grace, and as everybody has a dash at the great Hungarian lion, we may as well go in for a slice with the rest. But how is it to be accomplished? What can I do to get my share? I am not a clergyman, I cannot head a delegation; no politician to lead in a committee; no lawyer—where's the use of the Bar banquet then to me? I can't advertise my half-soled shoes as Kossuth shoes, for I never advertise. What then is to be done? My wife suggests a road out of the difficulty. One day last week that excellent lady, Mrs. C., Heaven bless her! was so exceedingly fortunate as to be brought to bed of a fine pair of boys, as sweet a couple of twins as you ever saw. Now for a bold stroke of woman's invention! To secure our share of the glory which everybody appears to be greedy for, she proposes to name both the boys Kossuth! That will do, I think. Two Kossuths in one family—think of that, ye worshippers of human greatness, and hide your heads in the door of Bunker Hill monument, or the depth of the Mammoth cave, or wherever else you can get admission for your outgeneralled heads.

Your servant,
P. Colfax.

New York, Monday morn., Dec. 22.

—*Literary World.*

Gleanings from Foreign Publications.

The House of Bondage.—It has been well said that long periods of general suffering make far less impression on our minds than the short sharp struggle in which a few distinguished individuals perish; not that we over-estimate the horror and the guilt of times of open blood-shedding, but we are much too patient of the greater misery and greater sin of periods of quiet legalised oppression, of that most deadly of all evils, when law, and even religion herself, are false to their divine origin and purpose, and their voice is no longer the voice of God, but of His enemy. In such case the evil derives advantage, in a manner, from the very amount of its own enormity. No pen can record, no volume can contain, the details of the daily and hourly sufferings of a whole people, endured without intermission, through the whole life of man, from the cradle to the grave. The mind itself can scarcely comprehend the wide range of the mischief; how constant poverty and insult, long endured as the natural portion of a degraded caste, bear with them to the sufferers something yet worse than pain, whether of the body or the feelings; how they dull the understanding and poison the morals; how ignorance and ill-treatment combined are the parents of universal suspicion; how from oppression is produced habitual cowardice, breaking out when occasion offers into merciless cruelty; how slaves become naturally liars; how they whose condition denies them all noble enjoyment, and to whom looking forward is only despair, plunge themselves with a brute's recklessness into the lowest sensual pleasures; how the domestic circle itself, the last sanctuary of human virtue, becomes at length corrupted, and in the place of natural affection and parental care, there is to be seen only selfishness and unkindness, and no other anxiety on the part of parents for their children, than that they may by fraud or violence prey in their turn upon that society which they have found their bitterest enemy. Evils like these, long working in the heart of a nation, render their own cure impossible; a revolution may execute judgment on one generation, and that perhaps the very one which was beginning to see and to repent of its inherited sins; but it cannot restore life to the morally dead; and its ill-success, as if in this line of evils no curse should be wanting, is pleaded by other oppressors as a defence of their own iniquity, and a reason for perpetuating it forever."—*Arnold's History of Rome.*

——Modern Literature at Oxford.—The (London) *Globe*, in a very clever and amusing article, says: The outer world knows the existence of a Mr. Thackeray, whose name is a "household word" in England and America, India, and Australia, only second to that of a Mr. Dickens, who is a graduate of no college, not even that of barber surgeons, while the subject of our narrative duly matriculated at Trinity after being a Carthusian. The lectures lately delivered at Willis's Rooms are not quite effaced from the memory of the intelligence, rank, and fashion of the metropolis, while their purport flew on the wings of journalism to the extremities of the Anglo-Saxon universe. Previous to delighting the capital of Scotland and other great communities of the empire and the United States with a repetition of those masterly recitals of blended wisdom, wit, genius, and kindly humanity, the lecturer bethought himself of addressing them to the rising youth of our two great nurseries of the national mind; and it was necessary, before appearing at Oxford, to obtain the license of the authorities—a very laudable arrangement, of course. Field-Marshal the Duke of Wellington is the chancellor in charge of the learned garrison on the banks of Isis, and if applied to would doubtless have understood at once the man and his business. The duke lives in the broad atmosphere of the every-day world, and a copy of the "Snob Papers" is on a snug shelf at Walmer Castle. But his deputy at Oxford is the vice-chancellor and D. D., the Rev. Frederick Charles Plumptre, on whom the modest applicant waited with submissive bow, presenting his card. "Pray what can I do to serve you, sir?" inquired the bland functionary. "My name is Thackeray." "So I see by this card." "I seek permission to lecture within the precincts." "Ah! you are a lecturer; what subjects do you undertake—religious or political?"—"Neither; I am a literary man." "Have you written anything?" "Yes, I am the author of 'Vanity Fair.'" "I presume a dissenter—has that any connexion with John Bunyan's book?" "Not exactly; I have also written 'Pendennis.'" "Never heard of these works, but no doubt they are proper books." "I have also contributed to 'Punch.'" "'Punch!' I have heard of that; is it not a ribald publication?" The upshot of this strange dialogue between the great popular master of the pen and the master of University College, Oxon, was the requirement of a "reference as to character" from this general favourite of the reading public, who, in deep consciousness of his comparative insignificance in the presence of so awful a don, humbly gave the name of his particular friend the bishop of the diocese, Samuel Wilberforce, which was held to be satisfactory.

——Discovery in the Manufacture of Linen.—The *Belfast News Letter*, has the subjoined interesting statement: "We have the satisfaction to announce a discovery, the importance of which it is not easy to over-estimate, as marking the date of a new era in the progress of our staple trade—one scarcely less valuable than the invention of the Jacquera loom, and one which will reflect lasting honour, as it will entail the most splendid advantage on the north of Ireland, where it has first come to light, and where it is in course of actual development. It is well known that one of the greatest difficulties hitherto to be contended with in the process of the linen manufacture is the great length of time required to bleach and finish for sale the woven fabric. Those unacquainted with the art of preparing linens for the market will be astonished to learn that it requires three months to bring the manufactured material to its proper colour, and to that exquisite finish which has enabled Irish linens to maintain the highest character, and command the highest price, in the markets of the world. Now it must be obvious that an immense advantage would be derived both by the manufacturer and the consumer, if this delay could be materially abridged. The tediousness of the process absorbs, or, rather, locks up, during the interval, an enormous capital, thus restricting operations, preventing, to a considerable extent, legitimate speculation, and, of course, largely enhancing the price of the commodity to the purchaser. This very serious difficulty, this great impediment, at the very threshold of the trade, is now likely, we understand, to be almost entirely removed. We have learnt that one of the first linen houses in this part of the country has discovered an invaluable process, by means of which linen goods can be bleached and finished within from ten days to a fortnight; and let it not be imagined that the vast and manifest importance of this discovery is in any degree diminished by the least inferiority in the article produced. The reverse is the case. We are assured, so far from the new process tending to injure the fabric, or deteriorate its commercial value, it greatly improves the quality of the article, being unattended with any of the injurious effects produced by the old process. Of the nature of this process it is not within our power to speak. We can only state, with the utmost certainty and confidence, of its effects, and of the great advantages it will confer upon the community. By improving the quality of linen fabrics, it will place them once more far ahead of the competition of cotton goods and cotton mixtures, which had latterly run them so close; by the unlocking of so large an amount of slumbering capital, it will give great activity to the linen trade, affords a larger margin of profit, and, in consequence, a wider field of employment; while it will also have the effect of enabling the manufacturer to supply his goods to the public at a cheaper rate, thus conferring a lasting and general benefit of the country at large. In short, by its means an entire revolution in the condition of the trade will be effected. The time, too, is most propitious for the development of this astonishing discovery and its practical operation on the largest scale; for we learn with the most sincere pleasure that the advices from the East and West Indies, as well as from South America, are exceedingly favourable for this particular branch of our native manufactures, and we have no doubt that we shall soon have a start in the supply of linens to these markets which will enable us to distance all competitors."